

# The WAR CRY

CHRIST FOR THE WORLD

Official Gazette of The Salvation Army in Canada East, Newfoundland and Bermuda

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CHARLES SOWTON, Commissioner



## "A Cup of Gold Water" (Matt. 10:42).

The great mission of The Salvation Army is to minister. It is among the jobless and the hopeless, the suffering and the sinning, the orphaned and the widowed, the heartbroken and spirit-wounded, the aged and the infirm children of men that they find their field of labor. So long as there is left one soul-parched child of the race, there is necessity that Salvationists continue to pass on "a cup of cold water."





# "HE . . . hangeth the Earth upon nothing"

and gave joyful testimony to His goodness. In the hour of his bitterest trial, he gave utterance to that beautiful passage, "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him."

When replying to his pretended comforters, he gave evidence of a great mind, and undoubtedly, his sayings bear the impress of inspiration. We need only quote the one given with this article as an example—"He . . . hangeth the earth upon nothing"—Job 26:7.

Since Job's day, many thousands of books have been written. Men of talent have left us a choice heritage of learning, but we ineffectually search our libraries again and again in the hope of finding some lofty expression of a similar character to his. Many excellent and indispensable works there are, bearing upon the world and the solar systems, but the mind of Job, notwithstanding his humbled circumstances and many years of sore affliction, seems to soar away above them all.

This one terse sentence presents us with a vision of unequalled splendor and overwhelming greatness. We see the mighty system held in infinity of space by God's great wisdom and power—hung on nothing! In our feeble comprehension, we are left in amazement and wonder at it all. The hand of the Creator is in oblivion, but we have the portrayal of His work. Over-awed, as evidently David must have been, we, like him, would say, "From everlasting to everlasting Thou art God."

In this contemplation of the world's regular and perfect work, the varying orbits of the planets, their effect and influence, we turn to another Scriptural phrase which says, "How manifold are Thy works; in wisdom hast Thou made them all."

We can hardly conceive how there can be those whose mentality so far falls from that they appear blind to things so sublime, and magnificent. Some there are, notwithstanding, who, failing to grasp the infinite, stumble at the finite, and labor to prove their own pet theories in the hope that they may somehow justify themselves.

The cosmos does not need to be supported by argument. Each feature continues its appointed course without the help of man in any way, and will do so when the poor, foolish one who tries to invent obstacles which do not even serve to hide his foolishness, has long disappeared and is forgotten.

While ages have been rolling by, and the system has been following its order so perfectly, many "wise" men have tried to throw their bit of dust in doubt of this and that, but their display has fallen on their own heads, and been only to their own injury.

God is unmistakable in evidence in Nature, and there are myriads who declare He is equally great, and equally wonderful in grace. His might and His power hath gotten Him the victory. As He is majestic in the material, so is He in Love. He has been demonstrating down the ages of time that He ever liveth "To show Himself strong in the behalf of them whose heart is perfect toward Him."

The evidence of His love and interest in us is in the complete provision He has made for our redemption. "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." Love from highest Heaven to the deepest depth: without measure and without limit.

**T**HERE are no statuary monuments or famous paintings to perpetuate the memory of Job; yet, his name is as familiar to us as any we care to mention. He stands as the synonym of patience, and as such forms a part of our everyday vocabulary. The learned professor as well as the man of humble sphere frequently speaks of "The patience of Job."

When Job was stricken with grief, such as perhaps no other man has ever had, he showed himself a pattern of enduring faith and confidence in God. It is true that in his distress and great seasons of suffering, he bemoaned the day of his birth, and frequently belittled himself, and would have preferred to die. But in the midst of his heavy sorrow he honored His Maker,

## Christians Should

C leave Unto the Lord—Acts 11:23.

H ope in God—Psalm 43:5.

R emember the Word—John 15:20.

I mpart to Him That Hath None—Luke 3:11

S earch the Scriptures—John 5:39.

T ell How Great Things the Lord Hath Done—

Mark 5:19.

I nherit All Things—Rev. 21:7.

A bide in Him—1 John 2:27.

N ever see Death—John 8:51.

S taud Fast in the Faith—1 Cor. 16:13.

## The Eternal Word

**T**HE BIBLE has had a mighty influence for good on the world in the years that are past. It has won the hearts and enlightened the lives of millions. It has rescued multitudes from the horrible pit, led their feet to the Rock of Ages, filled their mouths with singing, kept them from falling into hell, and guided them safely to the golden streets of the Celestial City.

The Bible has been more bitterly attacked and more cruelly slandered than any other book in existence. Again and again men have exerted every power to effect its destruction. But it has survived all opposition, and to-day is

## How to Sleep Soundly

"The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear Him"—Psalm 34:7.

**B**ISHOP BASHFORD, in one of his missionary tours, through China, stopped one night at a village only to find that the hotel was crowded full. The hotel-keeper offered him a cot where he might sleep outdoors under the trees, but warned him that bandits and robbers had been operating in that community. He lay awake for a long time until he thought of the words of the Psalmist. "He that keepeth thee will not slumber"; and then he said to the

## How a Bother Became a Brother

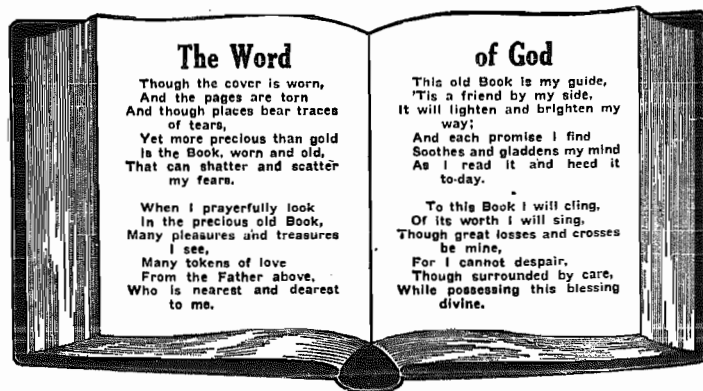
"Am I my brother's keeper?"—Genesis 4:9.

**I**T IS STRANGE how one little letter will do to a perfectly disagreeable word! There is one word which seems to be growing too commonplace altogether—the word "brother." Sometimes it seems people use it in a way which is very unfortunate.

"What a bother that man is!" exclaimed a business man, annoyed by the lapse of a down-and-almost-outter, whom he was trying to help. "I'm through with him, I've got enough to bother about without him."

"Wouldn't it be better," asked his friend, spelling out the word on a slip of paper, "if you inserted an extra letter in this word 'brother'?" He wrote an "r" between the "b" and the "o," and at once a new revelation came. His "brother" had become his "brother." What a difference! This is true Christianity.

When men stop thinking of those who need help as "bothers," and regard them as "brothers," humanity will be far happier in the mass than it is to-day. We help "bothers" from a twisted sense of duty. We help "brothers" because we love them. And it is love which wins, love which remolds, love which saves men and nations alike. Let us convert the word "brother" into "brother," and the world will become a new world to us. In a real sense all men are our brothers, and though many may be unfortunate, yet they are part of the great human family.



more widely circulated, and is more generally read, than ever before. Not all the powers of earth and hell combined have been able to destroy the blessed Bible.

Oh, my Comrades, do not let the Bible rise up in judgment against you, as it surely will if you either neglect it, or, if reading and knowing about Salvation and Victory of which it tells, you do not enjoy that Salvation and experience that Victory.—The Founder

Lord, "Dear Lord, there is no use of both of us being awake"; and in a moment or two, the Peter between the two soldiers, he fell sound asleep. When he awakened in the morning he saw a heathen Chinaman standing near, ready to sound a note of warning if robbers should approach.

What endless worry and fretting we would save ourselves did we but trust our God more fully. If He really cares, why should we fear?

# Breaking New Ground in China

**T**O be able to take the Light to those who sit in darkness is a privilege indeed; but what darkness there is around us we have more than ever realized as we traveled through the outlying and remote districts, through the lonely valleys, and over the mountain passes, through the scattered villages, where the name of Christ had not been heard, and where the Gospel had never been preached. We do pray that the outcome of our efforts will be the dawning of a new day for the villages we passed through, and the springing up of a new life in the hearts of the people we came in contact with.

On Monday, May 19th, we left Kao Yang on the first stage of our long journey. I must here say that many and varied were our modes of travel: Peking cart, wheelbarrow, pack-mules, open cart, and, where it was impossible to use any of these, we hired carriers who carried our luggage by means of a pole over their shoulders, and we walked.

Our first halting place was a large prosperous village, thirty li from Kao Yang; here we spent two hours at noon preaching and selling Gospels. What an interested crowd gathered round us!

We had decided that whilst on tour we would live like the Chinese—that is so far as food and lodgings were concerned—so after leaving this village we enquired where a suitable dwelling place for the night could be obtained; this we reached in the evening. After preparing our beds on the kang and having a welcome wash, we went out on to the street for a Meeting whilst the landlord of the inn made preparation for our evening meal. We were

well received here, and many copies of the Gospel were sold, enabling the villagers themselves to examine the doctrine after we had passed on. The people welcomed us, but there were other occupants of the kang that seemed to resent our invasion, consequently we spent a restless night and were up early next morning, glad to be away.

At Fang Shun Chiao a village fair was in progress—what a splendid opportunity this gave us to tell the glad tidings. The actors kindly gave us permission to use the theatre stage for our platform; we had a crowd of a thousand people; what a picture all their upturned faces made! A few minutes ago they had been listening to the songs and jests of the actors, now they were drinking in the message of Salvation. In a very short time we had sold three hundred Gospels, and still the people clamored with outstretched hands for more.

Leaving this place we made for Wan Hsien, an old-world city. We arrived there

**Modern "Comrades of Courage" take Perilous Journey Over Mountains and Through Valleys, and carry God's Good News to China's Inland Villages. Sensational Riding, Hazardous Climbing, Frisky Insects and Some Resentful Natives, all add Thrills to Eventful Tour.**

Contributed by CAPTAIN H. LITTLER

tired but happy. What a peaceful city it is, and how old-fashioned! It is called the Phoenix City. Every evening at sundown, the bell in the town is beaten, and the ring of the bell at eventide is supposed to be the call of the Phoenix.

The following day was market day. We were out early on the streets preaching to the large crowds of people; over two hundred copies of the Gospels were sold. One wonders where all these books go. The people who bought them came from all directions to the city, so you can picture the Gospels being carried to the little village homes, the contents being slowly read and under-

be able to work for God, so he made it a matter of prayer and promised if God saw fit to grant his petition then the boy would be completely dedicated to the Lord's service. Our friend's prayer was answered, a son was given to him, his delight knew no bounds. He named the infant boy John! We could not help but be impressed by this story, and as we looked at John, who was pulling the barrow, we wondered what his future would be. He was given in answer to prayer, dedicated to God from his birth, and trained as far as his father was able to do so for the Master's service. May he indeed become an apostle to his own people!

On arriving at the village there were no mules to be obtained, so we sat in a wayside tea-shop trying to form other plans for crossing the mountains. It is wonderful how the Lord does help us and open up the way; as we were waiting a man with three mules came past, they were loaded with salt, and bound for the very place we wished to reach, seventy li distant. The man was willing to unload the cargo of salt, leave it with friends,

and take us to Shen An. It did not take us long to pack our luggage on the mules and go. The sensation of riding on the top of all your luggage on a mule's back resembles a ride on a camel; to stay on is no mean feat, seeing that you are without stirrups; but it was an interesting ride, for as we journeyed the mountains became higher, the passes steeper, and the valleys narrower. We passed many convoys of mules—all bound for Shansi. These, with the tinkle of the mule bells, the whistling of birds, and the occasional shouts of the drivers, all gave extra in-



In China, when a baby girl comes into the home of poor parents, the child is often sold to those who would rear her to a life of shame. The girls in this group have been purchased by The Salvation Army and thus saved from such a horrible life.

stood. Who can foresee the outcome? There is a small Christian Church in Wan Hsien, led by a Chinese pastor, who received us warmly; we were glad of the opportunity to conduct a Meeting in the Hall and we pray that the little band of Christians there will be strengthened by our visit.

Up to this point we had traveled over level ground, but now our journey through the mountains commenced. Mules could not be hired in the city, so a man who had been a Christian for twenty years offered to take all our baggage on his wheelbarrow to a village at the foot of the hills, where animals could be secured. So once more we set out on our journey. Our Christian friend was helped by his son, who pulled the barrow by means of a rope, whilst his father did the wheeling. Whilst walking we had some interesting conversation. This man, although only a poor country man, had a great faith in God. He told us that after his conversion he desired a son, who would

interest to the journey.

After traveling for some time we came to a little hamlet of six houses; here we halted to proclaim the news of Salvation to those six families, also to rest the mules, and to refresh ourselves.

The approach to Shen An is picturesque; we slowly climbed up the pass, followed a narrow path round the face of a cliff, and saw our destination far below us in the valley, nestling in a grove of trees, a broad river flowing in front of the village, and a towering mountain forming a background. Rain had fallen, so the narrow streets were streams; we could not hold any Open-Air Meetings. The inn was the usual style of Chinese inn, but had only one vacant kang in the public room; we were too tired to bother about this, however, and went to sleep surrounded by admiring villagers! We were not allowed to sleep long, the insects were too frisky.

(Continued on page 11)

# THE ARMY'S DIAMOND JUBILEE CELEBRATIONS

## THE GENERAL

is Acclaimed by Tens of Thousands of Salvationists from all parts of Great Britain  
Huge Reception in Crystal Palace, London—Triumphant March Past—Scout and Guard Review

(From the British "War Cry")

**T**HE General has served God and man in The Salvation Army for more than fifty of the sixty years of its activity. That putting of the fact upon the printed program for the day was the underlying thought in the minds of those responsible for the detail of the Reception which was given to The Army's Leader in the great Central Transept of the Palace.

The gathering was precluded by a Grand Procession, comprising very nearly thirty contingents, which formed up in the gardens an hour or more beforehand.

Very striking indeed was the contrast afforded by the juvenile alertness of the body of Life-Saving Scouts who heralded the Procession, and the stalwart Commissioners, some of them grey and grizzled, who brought up the rear.

Between these, amongst others were to be noted the Nottingham I. Band, closely identified with the Founder's birthplace, "boys" in khaki and in blue, representatives of the various Field and Social activities, Young People's Bands and Guards galore, Flags flying and furled, and the General himself, hale and hearty, and only returned twelve hours before from a strenuous campaign in Denmark.

Lord and long as the applause of welcome offered him as once safely landed upon the platform he waved his greeting to the crowd, who seemed to fill every available comfortable—in many cases uncomfortable—space.

All were glad to see him. Of course they were—of that there could be no lingering doubt. He was equally glad to see and to be amongst his people on this rejoicing day. Of course he was! His face proclaimed the fact, his voice announced it. He was proud of The

Army; he was proud of his people; he was proud of this day! And his people, all of them, were proud of him.

Then the assembly sang—to themselves, to one another, to the General, and he sang to them the glad news which ever gladdens every Salvation Soldier's heart—"All round the world the Lord is saving souls."

Following prayer, offered by Colonel McMillan, a Scripture-reading, and the song, "Keep the old Flag flying," by the Young People, a striking, though probably unintentional, assurance as to the unchanging character of The Army's aim and message. Commissioner Hurren (the British Commissioner) voiced the gratitude of the assembled host for God's providence, for the example of the Founders, and for that of the General and Mrs. Booth.

The General's own address was more than a message to those gathered at that hour and in

that place; it was rather a message to The Army, to his people everywhere.

Happily the loud-speaker made his words heard not only over the mighty floor space, but in those weird, cage-like galleries hung, as some one said, "half-way between earth and Heaven," making the vast Transept for the nonce an "auditorium" indeed in the true sense of the word.

There were moments of thrill in that Meeting, moments when voices "caught," when tears started to the eye, when hearts palpitated as they were moved alternately by sentiments of wonder, love and praise.

### THE MARCH PAST

Such terms as "A Grand Review" or "The March Past" seem inadequate to describe the affectionate salutation which took place on the Lower

Terrace toward evening. Beneath the military precision and formal mode of greeting there lay an affinity between the General and his troops such as few other holders of that title have known.

Long before the scheduled time crowds lined the route of march, their interest quickened by occasional glimpses of costumed contingents hurrying toward the rendezvous and by the waving of far-off banners. Within a few moments of the General's arrival at the saluting base the distant strains of music were heard and down the narrow corridor between the crowds came the International Staff Band in sober dress and with that even, leisurely tread which is so suggestive of latent power. It led one of the most remarkable Army marches of recent years, continuing without break for fully seventy-five minutes and containing representatives of every section of activity.

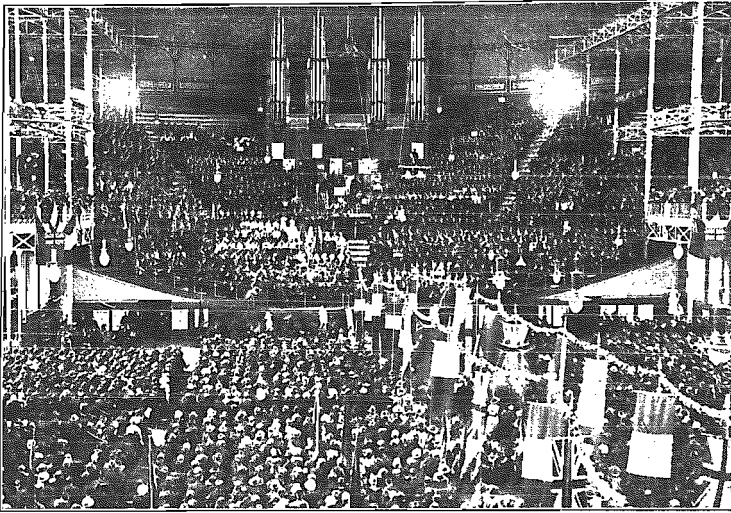
From the reviewing stand the line of procession could be seen stretching far into the distance, where it was lost in a confusion of moving flags and banners, and coiling back along the top terrace and into the Palace, the steps of which grew more crowded every moment as the troops in the rear steadily advanced.

With cloak thrown back and face aglow the General thus acknowledged the greeting of his army.

When the last contingent had passed by a woman in the ranks exclaimed:

"It makes me feel I want to do more and more for God!" Had the General heard her how delighted he would have been, for that was the chief end of the Great March Past, that itself should be belittled by the accomplishments it inspired. There is always a greater in The Army!

The open-air is The Army's cathedral, with the strains of a hundred Bands for organ and choir—the finest work of praise that it could conceive; and its great glory lay in the proud edge that on the morrow each of these proud warriors would be at grips with the enemy of the men's souls, some of them after a night on the train, many of them in places where the people could not believe that the big, no matter how quiet, could be so big.



Gigantic Reception to the General in the Central Transept of the Palace



The General, Commissioner Hurren and Staff inspecting the Life-Saving Guards



## The Family Circle

To assist in the promotion of Christian fellowship at the evening family circle, we suggest the use of the Bible portions and comments here given.

Any converted member of the family should audit read the portions after the meal is finished and before the members disperse for the pursuits of the evening.

**SUNDAY, AUGUST 2nd, PROVERBS 25:10-18. "HE THAT COVERETH HIS SHIN SHALL NOT PROSPER."**

No truth has been more thoroughly proved by experience, yet the enemy of souls still succeeds in persuading the sinner that by covering his sin he stands a chance of escaping its consequences. As well hope to stay the ravages of some deadly disease, by skillfully covering the visible signs of its presence. Why not take the one sure way of escape? Confess; forsake; and find mercy!

**MONDAY, 3rd, PROVERBS 28:19-28. "A FAITHFUL MAN SHALL ABOUT WITH BLESSINGS."**

He will be blessed by the effect of his faithfulness on his own character and ability, on his peace of mind and self-respect. He will be blessed by its effect on his work. Faithful work is as gratifying to the doer as it is acceptable to those for whom it is done. He will be blessed by its effect on others, winning for him their confidence and respect and increased influence over them.

**TUESDAY, 4th, PROVERBS 29:1-9. "A MAN THAT FLATTERETH . . . SPREADETH A NET."**

"Whom to me my faults revealeth. And not a blemish e'er concealeth. My friend I deem, Though hostile he may seem. But he who flatters, and who never gives me rebuke, but praiseth ever—My foe he is. Friend though he seems to be."

**WEDNESDAY, 5th, EZRA 1:1-11. "THE LORD STIRRETH UP THE SPIRIT OF CYRUS."**

The Lord's people had long been in captivity. Poor, despised, downtrodden, they had neither the means nor the spirit to attempt their own deliverance. So God undertook their cause, moving the very monarch who held them in bondage not only to set them free, but to provide the means for their return to their own land, "Hallelujah! He still commands deliverance for His people."

**THURSDAY, 6th, EZRA 3:1-7. "A FREEWILL OFFERING UNTO THE LORD."**

In gratitude to God for their deliverance the Jews brought Him their offerings. God is well-pleased to-day when we bring Him of our substance; but what He most desires is the living sacrifice of ourselves, our time, our talents to His service. "Lord, I make a full surrender. 'Tis I have I give to Thee. For Thy love, so great and tender, Asks the gift of me."

**FRIDAY, 7th, EZRA 3:8-13. "MANY . . . WEPT WITH A LOUD VOICE; AND MANY SHOUTED ALLOUD FOR JOY."**

With very mixed feelings the Jews laid the foundation of the new Temple. Those who remembered the former buildings, destroyed as a result of their backslidings, wept as they realized how much they had lost beyond recall. We cannot recall or alter the past, but we can take warning by our failings and try to make the best of our present opportunities.

**SATURDAY, 8th, EZRA 4:1-6. "YE HAVE NOTHING TO DO WITH US."**

Zerubbabel saw that, in spite of their fair speeches, the real intention of these people was to hinder rather than aid his work. Hence his steadfast refusal to make any alliance with them. Let us follow his good example in this to-day, making no compact with those who would lead us astray, however fair their words may seem.

# What Is Holiness?

## No. 8—CROSSING THE LINE

### INSTRUCTIVE

#### SERIES

by

**Mrs.  
Booth**

Some of the mountains of indefiniteness which hinder the entry of many souls into the Promised Land, spring up from lack of understanding as to what Holiness is.

Let me make it quite plain that all are not eligible as seekers after Holiness. Those whose sins are unrepented of, unconfessed, and unforgiven, cannot seek after Holiness; they cannot set out for the Promised Land until this burden of unforgiven sin is removed from their shoulders.

Those who can commit sin without deep contrition, those who willingly harbor sin in the heart, aware that they wrong God and man, cannot seek Holiness. They are condemned, unreprieved; the death sentence hangs over them.

The passionate hope in the hearts of the enslaved Israelites was not so much to enter into a Promised Land as to escape from the cruel yoke of bondage and sweated labor; and the passionate hope of the sinner, who is awakened to feel his guilt, is for forgiveness and for release from the devil's bondage.

Do you understand that before you can set out for the Holy Land you must come out of the land of bondage, and put yourself under the direction of God to take the way He indicates, and constantly seek His guidance in the spirit of the Psalmist, who prayed, "Cause me to know the way wherein I should walk; for I lift up my soul unto Thee" (Psalm 143:8)?

The work of sanctification is begun in the soul at conversion. Unless the converted soul, through disobedience to the Holy Spirit, backslides, and enters again into condemnation, progress towards the Land of Promise (Holiness in this life), should be made all the time. But the entry into the Land of Promise will be just as definite and joyful an act as was the escape from the land of bondage. The Founder said, "The line which separates a state of entire from a state of partial Holiness may be approached very gradually, but there is a moment when it is crossed."

How is it with you, my Comrade? Has your walk since your conversion been a real progress? Have you victory every step of the way increasingly? Have you an increasing hatred of sin, and a growing desire to awaken sinners to their danger and rescue them from sin? Do you desire more than anything else that the power of sin shall be destroyed in your heart? What hinders you, then, from making

ing a definite entry now into the Promised Land?

At conversion, the Holy Spirit reveals the hatefulness of sin, and begins that work of grace which we call conviction of sin and leads the soul, in true repentance, to the Saviour's feet.

It is God's purpose, through the Holy Spirit, to continue that revelation of sin until the redeemed soul sees the exceeding sinfulness of sin and is led to cry out, as Isaiah cried, "Woe is me, for I am undone" (Isaiah 6:5).

Before Isaiah was wholly sanctified and delivered from inward sin he had delivered many a powerful message from God to the people. Without fear of man though still unsanctified himself he had rebuked sins, his lips had prophesied of Christ's Kingdom, and he had even uttered that prophecy which reaches still into an unborn future, "They shall beat their swords into plowshares, and their spears into pruning hooks: nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more" (Isaiah 2:4).

In working for God and becoming God's messenger to sinners before he had experienced the entire transformation of his nature, which we speak of as the Blessing of a Clean Heart, Isaiah was fulfilling God's will, and living by the light that was his; for God requires all who are saved at once to work in His vineyard. Because he was obedient then the Holy Spirit's work of revelation was continued unbrokenly until he became fully awake to his state of sinfulness. Then there came the day when he was brought into such a sudden agony of conviction that he cried out, "Woe is me! for I am undone; because I am a man of unclean lips, and I dwell in the midst of a people of unclean lips: for mine eyes have seen the King, the Lord of hosts" (Isaiah 6:5).

The vision of a Sinless King had become daily clearer to Isaiah ever since he set out to serve God, and this vision led him to a more adequate perception of the hatefulness of sin. The power of sin, the unfitness of the soul touched by sin to enter into the presence of the Lord—all this he saw more truly than before. Then, owing to the Holy Spirit's unrestrained working in his heart, he, the redeemed servant of the Lord, he who had helped, warned, and encouraged others, was again led in deep contrition to the Father. As soon as the gateway of his soul was thrown wide open that a further blessed work of cleansing might be done within, the assurance of sanctification was given to him—"Thine iniquity is taken away and thy sin purged" (Isaiah 6:7).

There are many Comrades in uniform, many useful and sincere Soldiers, who—while they have God's approval up to a point because their work is done according to the light that is theirs—have not yet received the sanctifying touch that shall make them wholly clean. I believe that many will claim and receive the Blessing during the coming weeks.

## IF

—Jesus Christ can save from  
some sin—why not from all  
sin?

—Satan can make a perfect  
sinner, surely God can make a  
perfect saint.

—Jesus cannot save from  
all sin NOW, how can He  
save from Hell by and by?

—The Precious Blood of  
Christ cannot cleanse the heart,  
why should it be thought that  
there is any purifying power in  
Death?

# TWO ARMY-BUILDERS PASSING INCOGNITO

**Captain and Mrs. Brewer Conclude Successful Three Years' Work. Imposing Hall and Quarters are Monumental to Their Efforts.**

**T**HREE years was the extent of Captain and Mrs. Brewer's stay at Ridgetown and, judging from what was accomplished, that period entailed a prodigious amount of work for the Officers in charge.

No sooner had the Captain arrived in town than he determined that, if at all possible, The Army should boast of something more imposing for Hall and Quarters than the unsightly place which met his eyes. To desire was to act. He searched about for a likely location.

Directly opposite the old building which was being used as a Hall was situated a large lot, having on it only an old barn. The appearance was not in the least inviting, and, to a less keen man than Captain Brewer, it would have offered nothing in the way of possibility. On investigation, however, the barn was found to be in fairly good repair and, following an inspection by the Field and Property Secretaries, arrangements were made for the purchase of both the lot and the building.

The Captain undertook personally to wreck the barn, and he also sorted the lumber and commenced on the task of erecting a Citadel. He did most all the work of a carpentering and painting nature. No doubt it must have been a source of no little gratification to the Captain and his co-laboring Comrades, when the

last stroke of the brush and hammer left them in possession of a splendid new plant in which to carry on their work for God and The Army.

But, not content with what was already a noteworthy accomplishment, the Captain renewed building operations, and this time to the extent of a substantial Quarters for the Officers, consisting of six rooms, a bath, and a full-sized basement. The picture reproduced on this page is more eloquent than any words we may write as to the extent and success of the Captain's undertaking.

In addition to this, Captain Brewer



CAPTAIN AND MRS. ARTHUR BREWER

has introduced a Band composed of young ladies who play with surprising skill. Mrs. Brewer organized a flourishing Home League, which organization has rendered great assistance in furnishing the Quarters.

The Army now commands added prestige in Ridgetown because of Captain Brewer's labors, and he has left the town with the affection of the Comrades of the Corps and the profound respect of the townsfolk. In three years a proverbial "hard go" was transformed into a real live concern.

## WALLACEBURG

Ensign Stokes, Lieutenant Johnson. The welcome services to our Officers were of great blessing. On Friday night a welcome tea was enjoyed, after which a service was held and attended by a large crowd. We have recently had increases in our Corps Cadet Brigade as well as the Band.

**Being a Few Timely Tips for Salvationists Privileged to Enjoy a Vacation. Christians Should be Careful What They Do—Incognito.**

"He looked this way and that way . . . and there was no man" (Exodus 2:12).

**F**OR public men occasionally to lose their identity to the world is exceedingly relaxing and beneficial for them.

The Prince of Wales wants a holiday, so he travels to Scotland and lives—incognito. A great journalist desires to observe conditions in Germany, so he visits the land—incognito. The keen-eyed detective is anxious to see and not be seen, so he moves amongst the people—incognito. To us Salvationists there is relief in getting into a district where we are not known for a brief holiday, and we do so—incognito.

It would, perhaps, be comforting to entirely lose one's identity, if that were possible, but it is not so. Moses, the adopted son of the luxurious Egyptian court, almost deified in the religious awe with which the royal house was regarded, was walking one day—incognito. He had left the neighborhood of the palace and was out amongst his own people who knew him not, and brooded over the ironical mystery of his unique situation. In the course of his walk in the desert he chanced upon a little tableau that might have been arranged for his own special benefit. And it been labelled "Egypt and Israel—Heathendom dominant over the True God." Its lesson could not have been more potent. An Egyptian taskmaster, himself a victim of the cruel system devised by a self-seeking Pharaoh, chastised a Hebrew slave because his tale of bricks was short. Moses watched the scene with fast-heating heart and twitching hands—and remembered that he was incognito.

"He looked this way and that way, and when he saw that there was no man," he killed the Egyptian, buried him in the sand, and returned to the palace, only to discover on the morrow that although he had "looked

and ridiculous, he cannot accomplish the impossible. The "ego"—"I" is always with us; whether we dress him in Army uniform or in tweeds and a Panama, he is present.

It would be good for some of us to understand more clearly the importance of "I."

As Salvationists ours should be the viewpoint which Jesus took, that this wonderful life-companion called "I" is a person who sees all that we do, remembers all that we do or say, bears upon himself the marks of all that we even think, and is literally injured by our wrong thoughts and actions, and made stronger by our right living.

Shall we not remember this during the holidays, when uniform is at home in the drawer, a walking-stick takes the place of the old Eilat, the cornet, or the trombone, a stroll by the sea is substituted for Songster practice, a magazine for the Cart-ridge Book on Friday night?

The seaside holiday has subtle temptations. Release from humdrum routine, the sense of comparative ease regarding money after the purling of a year, the ingenuity of those who profit by this very forgetfulness, the idle hours, the atmosphere of gaiety created by a combination of foaming sea, smiling sky, bright dresses, and holiday unconventionality all combine to tempt the servant of the Most High God to forget the standards of his every-day life.

Whether we believe it or not, the lowering of our standard for one week at a spot a hundred miles from home entails a literal reduction of our service-efficiency throughout the year. Once let that life companion "I" learn that you serve God better when people who know you are about than when you are amongst entire strangers, and he will not let many days pass without whispering in your ear in some way or other, "With eye-service as non-pleasers." His gift will always be with you, and never more so than on those occasions when you feel most anxious to serve God. Moses tried to settle a quarrel, knowing in his heart the then unwritten beatitude, and found the deed of yesterday was his only obstacle.

## WHERE THE SUN NEVER GOES DOWN

**Sister Mrs. J. Dow, Parrsboro, Passes Away.**

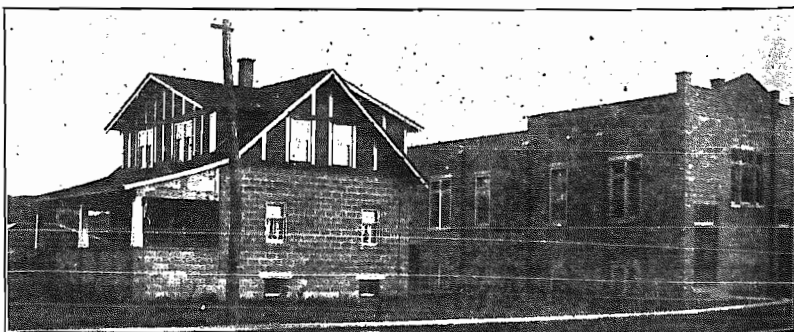
**T**HE Death Angel has recently claimed one of our best known Soldiers in the person of Sister Mrs. Dow, who for the past sixteen years was a true child of Christ and Soldier of The Salvation Army. Although, for some three years, she was unable to be present at the Meetings, her life in her home was always bright and happy. When visited by the Officers a short time before her death, she said all was well with her soul. The funeral was conducted by Captain London assisted by Cadet Adams. A Memorial Service was conducted the following Sunday night.

We are bearing to God in prayer the dear bereaved ones who are left. May they all some day reach that Land where the sun never goes down.

## MOUNT FOREST

Captain Bunton, Lieutenant Evenden. We have recently said good-bye to Captain Evenden and Lieutenant Tidman. During their stay with us encouraging advances have been made. A fine spirit is abroad in the Corps and God has blessed us mightily.

We have welcomed our Officers and at their first Meeting a bright, interesting time was experienced. The week-end services were also full of interest, and God came very near. One young woman was deeply under conviction; the Soldiers are working and praying hard for the Salvation of souls.



The Officers' Quarters and Army Hall, Ridgetown, built by Captain Brewer.

## PRESCOTT Captain Court

Captain Miller has farewelled. During her stay in Prescott she was a very definite means of much blessing to many.

## SOMERSET Ensign Froud

Lieutenant Newdick has farewelled. Her stay of one year's duration, was one of blessing and help and we pray that God will bless her in her new appointment.

this way and that way," he felt sure his deed was known, and the knowledge led him to flee into the back side of the desert. So will our misdeeds cause us to do, and more, when thinking no man knows us, we forget our reputation as Salvationists.

A writer of some fame has just published a book in which he describes the struggles of a brilliant city editor to escape from himself. He is obsessed by his personality, but try as he does, by means pathetic

If the holiday season means for us a temporary cessation of active fighting, we can serve in the real sense just the same.

Our aim as Salvationists is to live in the attitude of the song:

At home, abroad, by night, by day.

Christ for me!

so that "I," who is always with us and God who is always watching us, will be pleased and strengthened in purpose by the things we do—incognito.

# The General's Journal

(ARRANGED BY LIEUT.-COLONEL H. L. TAYLOR)

## Musicians with a Manly Look—Japanese Coolie's Conquests— Congratulations of an Old Londoner—Much Thanksgiving— Passing of a Staunch Friend

Sunday, February 1st, 1925.—Leicester a grand day. Nine hundred Bandmen of these parts in Council. The appearance and feel of the men shows improvement on last year. They have a manly look. The proportion of young men up to twenty-six was greater than usual and is really significant both of present advance in the Corps represented, and of strength for the future.

The singing was uplifting, even inspiring, at some moments quite carrying away. "All earth forgot and all Heaven around us." Deep and moving and holy influences stirred many hearts. Some wept, some shouted aloud, some fell down before the Lord.

I raised on high the standards of Army experience and service, at one moment urging the Corps of Jesus Christ for a wholehearted love and trust, and at another His plea for workers among the lost. I was helped to present the needs of the heathen peoples as well as the wants of the spiritually starving all about us at home. It touched me to see these great rough, often hard natures, subdued before our Lord and Saviour, at such a moment, such men, these one sees our common humanity at its best.

Not the bright stars which Heaven's blue arch adorn,  
Nor rising stars that gild the vernal morn,  
Shine with such lustre as the tear that flows  
Down Virtue's manly cheek for others' woes.

We had a glorious finish to the night Session. McMillan (Colonel and C.S.) and Boes (Brigadier Bernard Booth) greatly helped me. Von Tavel (Lieut.-Colonel, Switzerland) and Allemand (Major, South America) spoke briefly and well. "Thou Lord hast made me glad through Thy work; I will triumph in the work of Thy hands."

Monday, 2nd.—Left Leicester at 7.51 with Smith. Boes to see us off, he going on a ten days' Y.P. Inspecting Tour with his Secretary. Breakfast on the train and worked after.

Tuesday, 3rd.—In interesting letters to-day. Eddie (Commissioner) Japan.

We have not always gained our objective in so far as the conquest of souls is concerned. Nevertheless I feel it would be a reflection upon God and myself if I did not feel glad that He has done in this country in men's souls and lives during the year.

We have seen many remarkable conversions, and the fact that our new temporary Halls throughout Tokyo and Yokohama have increased our accommodation more than 100 per cent., and that the buildings are always filled with eager and apparently sincerely seeking souls, has been a matter of no small credit to us.

Sister (Lieut.-Colonel) Lagos. Hurron (Com-

missioner, Chancellor) on Memorial Fund efforts. Eleven o'clock Conference on Emigration.—Chief, Mapp (Commissioner), Lamb (Commissioner), Cunningham (Colonel J.). Difficulties of and difficulties with Governments.—Later, Gordon, Hurron, and Chief on Scott's (Sir G. G.) plans for Memorial Building.

F. arrived from Middlesbrough, after a useful day; very tired.

Tuesday, 3rd.—Disturbed night. F. to Tunbridge Wells at 10.45 for Meeting. Worked at home today. Smith, 12.20 to 1.30. Struggling with many things. Very tired by small blunders of small people!

Letter from Eddie contains the following which illustrates what is going on in Japan.

Here is a story of one of last year's Converts—a coolie, i.e., a laboring man. He came to Christ, seeking for help in his work. He found Him and Salvation, and in his testimony on New Year's Day he said he was opposed by the man over him and retired from his work, but he held on, persevered, and now, since August last, the man over him had been saved, and eleven others have also found Christ in the place where he works. It is a simple story, but it is, nevertheless, a remarkable one, and when one remembers that such a man had no knowledge or training in our faith, it is, though so simple, the more wonderful—even miraculous.

Wednesday, 4th.—To I.H.Q. with F., she on to the Quarter Sessions at Newington for Magisterial duty.

More interesting letters: one from Bournemouth thanking me for some words in "The War Cry," says also:

I have been reading last week's "War Cry" and I thought I must drop the General a line of congratulation on the splendid record of real soul-winning work for God therein recorded. I am a seventy-three-year-old Outsider, but I always have admired "the out-and-out" self-sacrificing work of the Army, and as an old Londoner I saw something of it and your dear father from the very beginning.

Phillips (Lieut.-Colonel), Winnipeg, going to our Alaska Indians to train some of them as Officers. Hogard (Commissioner), New Zealand.

Dawson (Rev. F. J.), appealing for help to fight

the drink in Fiji Islands. Foreign Service Councils, Larsson, and decided on his return (to South America) and promised him some help. In him we have a brave man facing a very difficult position.

Von Tavel, on his appointment to be Chief Secretary in Switzerland. Allemand, Buenos Ayres: expressed my pleasure at their work and promoted them.

Some thought about to-morrow's Meetings. Friday, 6th.—Yesterday (Thursday) Clapton, with the Officers of the Social Work in the United Kingdom, men and women. A happy, and I think, influential day. Much thanksgiving. Some deep and careful study of certain aspects of the work. Playle (Colonel) took leave, on retirement, in the afternoon Meeting in a very moving address, containing a glorious testimony to the mighty power of Christ in his own experience.

At night, F. very good. Chief also. Interviews during the intervals. Reflecting on what has been done. I feel that the Social Work of the Army is the most definitely and effectively organized work of its kind in the world, has over seven. And, thank God, we are not merely working on what is temporary and perishable, but striving to restore the soul, "the temple not made with hands" which cleansed and sanctified can be built up from the ruins of the past.

Today (Friday), at 9.15 to I.H.Q. Many letters. Arnold White dead. He was a staunch and true friend. He had no care for religion, and yet he somehow reminded me of Jesus Christ's words, "Other sheep I have which are not of this fold." He spoke out for us at a critical time. Wrote a clever little book about the Social Work called "The Great Idea," and revealing a steadfast person as well as an Army friend to the end.

In his last letter to me, he said: Nothing struck me more in my intercourse with the Founder and your Officers than the statesman-like wisdom with which they and you looked for the remedy for the unrest of the world to discover there in material things.

Several other interviews, and home early, doing some work.

Pleased to receive a copy of "Reflexions et Experiences d'un Salubriste" from Paris. Good. Quite a considerable book and chiefly relating to the spiritual life and testimony of our dear old comrade the late Brigadier Peyron (father of Lieut.-Commissioner Peyron) who was very closely associated with the Army in France in its early years.

(To be continued)

### WEST TORONTO

Commandant and Mrs. Galway  
The hearty welcome extended to Commandant and Mrs. Galway on taking charge has been followed by a ready and willing co-operation from all branches of the Corps in pushing on the Salvation War. Meetings have been well attended, spiritual influences have been very marked, and ones and twos at the mercy-seat are as drop-pings before the shower which fur-nish-see coming. The Young People's outing to Eldorado Park was a splendid success, and reflected the greatest credit upon the Workers who devoted themselves with tireless zeal to helping the Young People a happy and helpful day. Home League Secretary Mrs. Smith was welcomed home on Sunday, after a visit to the Old Land, as was also Sister Mrs. Johnson.

A surprise group, made up by the Bandmen, Songsters and Soldiers of West Toronto Corps, visited the home of Lieut.-Colonel Perry on Saturday, to congratulate him upon his birthday. Commandant Galway was invited to contribute to the Colonel's association with the Corps, and prayed that continued good health and opportunities for service might be vouchsafed to both the Colonel and Mrs. Perry for many years. Headed by the Band, a march to Mrs. Smith was then arranged, where tea and cream and cake were served and the jubilation closed in time for the Open-Air.

### TIMMINS

Adjutant and Mrs. Crowe, Lieutenant Allen

Our new Officers have been welcomed. Their initial Meetings were well attended, and two backsliders returned to the Fold. The Band and Songsters rendered good service. South Porcupine and Schumacher have been visited with good results.

## "A CUP OF COLD WATER"

THE DUSTY ROADS OF HUMAN LIFE ARE CROWDED  
WITH MEN AND WOMEN WHO ANXIOUSLY AWAIT  
THE PASSING OF THE CUP

(See Frontispiece)

"Whosoever shall give to drink unto one of these little ones A CUP OF COLD WATER only in the name of a disciple, verily I say unto you, he shall in no wise lose his reward"—Matt. 10:42.

IN uttering these words the Saviour undoubtedly meant to teach that humble service rendered to humble people is worthy of Divine recognition.

The gift mentioned, a cup of cold water, entails no cost save the trouble of securing and dispensing it. The recipient is one of these little ones. The meaning here is not necessarily children, but rather the text refers to people despised, "little" in the sight of the world.

How marvellous is the kindness of God! He makes note of small mercies which we lavish upon our unfortunate fellow men. He calls not only upon the wealthy to give to charity, but He also calls upon the poorest of us to give even

though we can afford no more than the worth of a cup of cold water.

Our frontispiece this week pictures a Salvationist ministering to an aged woman. All about us on the dusty roads of human life there are countless men, women, boys and girls who are suffering for the want of just such a kindly touch.

There are the despondent. Pass to them the cup of cheer.

There are the hungry. Pass to them the cup of nourishment.

There are the broken in heart. Pass to them the cup of healing.

There are the sinning. Pass to them the cup of Salvation.

Reader, will you enlist in this blessed Army of cup-bearers? The world thirsts. But, there is a crystal River that flows beneath the Throne of God, and its waters bring life to all shores. Get out your cup, drink yourself, and forget not the parched souls about you.

### CHAPLEAU

Captain Blake, Lieutenant Pinkney, Lieutenant Tilley.

We recently welcomed into our midst Lieutenant Tilley, who has been sent to assist in the work. Sister G. Stewart and Brother Canfield, of Sault Ste. Marie were also welcomed. A profitable day was spent on Sunday and one supremely happy. During the Officers' visitation they had the joy of leading one to the Cross.

### OAKVILLE

Captain and Mrs. Ellis  
Captain Mills is leading us on in the absence of our Officers, who are on furlough. Our little Band of a dozen players is rendering valuable service by visiting the neighboring districts and holding Open-Air services. These Open-Airs are made possible by the use of Bandsman Hamdy's car.

### DIGBY

Ensign Mosher  
We recently had with us Envoy Mills from Halifax. The Envoy's message on Saturday night was a help and blessing and we had the joy of seeing four seekers at the penitential form. The Meetings all day Sunday will long be remembered. A good crowd turned out for the Salvation Meeting at night and a blessed time was experienced.

### WESTVILLE

Captain Benjamin, Lieutenant Chandler  
A united service was held this week at Westville. We started off with a good march and Open-Air Meeting. Ensign Millard, of Stellarton, was in charge of the indoor Meeting, assisted by several Officers of the Pictou County. We had the joy of seeing three young women give their hearts to God.

# The WAR CRY

OFFICIAL ORGAN  
The Salvation Army  
IN CANADA EAST  
NEWFOUNDLAND  
AND BERMUDEA

General-  
BRAMWELL  
BOOTH

INTERNATIONAL HEADQUARTERS  
LONDON, ENGLAND

Territorial Commander  
Commissioner CHARLES SOWTON  
James and Albert Streets, Toronto

Printed for The Salvation Army in  
Canada East, Newfoundland and Ber-  
mudea, by The Salvation Army Printing  
House, 18 Albert Street, Toronto, Ont.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: A copy of  
The War Cry (including the Special  
Easter and Christmas issues) will be  
mailed to any address in Canada for  
twelve months for the sum of \$2.50, pre-  
paid.

All Editorial Communications should  
be addressed to the Editor.

THE lust for pleasure-seeking  
and unsuitable attire is be-  
coming increasingly apparent  
in the world at large, and, sad to  
say, it has even assailed and gained

a footing in the  
**Every Soldier** sacred precincts  
of the House of  
**a Sentinel** God. Now the

mark of the  
Christian is "separateness from the  
world," and particularly has this  
standard been upheld in The Sal-  
vation Army. We venture to think  
The Army's success has been large-  
ly due to the measure of its aban-  
donment of the world with its pumps  
and fading joys, and we know that  
its future success can only be in so  
far as that "separateness" is main-  
tained.

The preservation of The Army  
from this enemy is in the hands of  
the individual Soldier and each  
must act as a sentinel ready to give  
the alarm and frustrate its first in-  
road. We are followers of Christ,  
and we who "had not where to lay  
His head," and who lived in poverty  
that He might minister to others,  
can scarcely be imagined as con-  
forming to the world in what for  
want of a better term we call  
"dressiness." We would not draw  
a picture of Him with golden rings  
upon His fingers, neither would we  
paint Him as wearing elaborate  
raiment. Such adornments may ap-  
pear and give satisfaction to those  
who know Him not, and who have  
not heard the cry of the poor and  
needy as He did, but for Him, and  
for those who follow closely they  
are—impossible!

CHRIST never despised little  
things. The poor widow's  
coppers were estimated by  
Him as worth more than many  
large offerings of rich men. "She

Value of  
Little Things  
bath cast in more  
than they all."  
Her two mites  
were not worth  
much to Caesar  
or to Caiaphas, but Christ had need  
of them. The emperor could afford  
to reward the man that added a  
new province to the Empire. The  
King of kings does not fail to re-  
ward him who gives "a cup of cold  
water." Moreover, He made con-  
quests with His "little ones" that  
Caesar could not make with his  
legions. What he did, He still  
does. The lowly Salvation Army  
Hall, built by the pence of the  
poor, may witness a greater work  
than a temple that is the pride and  
boast of a city. The shepherd boy  
with only a sling was more than a  
match for the enemy who had terri-  
fied all Israel. He trusted himself  
in God's hands, and God used him.

## NEWFOUNDLAND CONGRESS

"A FLOODTIDE EVENT"—EIGHTY-TWO SEEKERS

[By Wire]

St. John's, Nfld., July 21, 1925.

The "War Cry",  
Toronto, Ont.

NEWFOUNDLAND'S Thirty-eighth Congress, and fourth  
conducted by Commissioner Sowton, proved a flood-  
tide event despite unusual heat wave. Great audiences  
assembled; intense, spiritual influences prevailed and  
eighty-two seekers for either Holiness or Salvation were reg-  
istered.

The event was an impressive demonstration of The  
Army's strength. Complexion of St. John's was transformed  
by sunshiny countenances of the fully-uniformed delegates,  
some of whom traveled five days to attend Congress.

The Sub-Territory is making God-glorifying advance in  
its Soldiers' Roll, educational facilities, ringing Salvationism  
and liquidation of property liabilities, under their highly es-  
teemed and energetic leaders, Colonel and Mrs. Cloud, who  
are now in the third year of their command. Full Congress  
report to appear in next issue.

BRAMWELL TAYLOR, Brigadier.

## OUR LEADER IN SYDNEY

Rousing Public Meeting Results in Two Seekers—Much-relished  
Council with Officers—Spirit of Optimism now Invading Strike Area.

EN ROUTE to the Newfound-  
land Congress the Commis-  
sioner, accompanied by the  
Editor, visited Sydney, Cape Breton,  
for a few hours, and the ener-  
getic Divisional Commander, with  
our Leader's approval, "com-  
mandeered" this spare time. He an-  
nounced that a special public meet-  
ing would be held at Sydney Mines  
at 3 p.m. on Thursday, and as a re-  
sult a splendid audience, surprising  
in size because of the extreme heat  
prevailing, greeted the visitors.

It was inspiring to a degree to  
hear the local Bandsmen enlivening  
the neighborhood with their music  
as a special cheer-up. Their play-

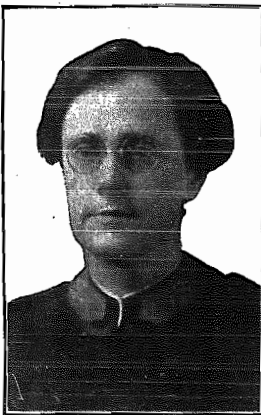
Four young Officers, who were  
in training the same year, formed  
a very effective quartet, and Lieu-  
tenant Cobbett, of Florence Corps,  
soloed. The Commissioner then  
made urgent appeal for decisions  
and two adult seekers responded.

Following the public Meeting the  
Commissioner took tea with the  
Officers, after which he conducted



STAFF-CAPTAIN H. RITCHIE,  
in Command of Sydney Division

ing also proved a splendid announce-  
ment prior to the big indoor  
event. The Meeting got away to a  
rousing start with Staff-Captain  
Ritchie at the helm. They can  
surely sing at Sydney, and the joy  
of the Salvationists there finds very  
definite vocal expression. After the  
Commissioner had given a stimulat-  
ing account of what is being ac-  
complished under our glorious ban-  
ner in various parts of the Terri-  
tory, Brigadier Taylor addressed  
the gathering.



MRS. STAFF-CAPT. RITCHIE

a helpful Council. Such a privilege  
rarely comes to our warriors of  
Cape Breton, so they really relished  
the moments thus spent. This  
gathering had to be brought to a  
sharp conclusion so that the visi-  
tors could rush to the boat which  
left for Newfoundland at 8 p.m.

A wave of optimism is now  
spreading over Nova Scotia. It is  
anticipated that within a very short  
time the mines and steel works will  
once more be in full operation, and  
that this dark period, streaked as  
it has been with suffering of a very  
acute character, will come to an end.

As in all times of distress The  
Salvation Army has put in magnifi-  
cent service. Not only have our  
people freely dispensed practical  
relief, but they have also been to  
the front in speaking the word of  
cheer and comfort in visitation.

## The Chief Secretary and Mrs. Powley

Lead Three Blessed Services  
with Scouts at Jackson's Point

MONDAY morning last found  
the Scouts at Jackson's  
Point breaking camp, and  
each of them homeward bound to  
face either work or school for an  
other year. It is not likely that  
they will forget their memorable  
holiday at "The Point." The fun  
the games, the escapades, and, in no  
less a degree, the profitable seasons  
of instruction in Scoutcraft, and  
the worth-while explorations into  
the realms of bird- and flowerdom,  
will likely be frequently recalled  
during the long months that must  
expire before holiday-time comes  
again. But should they forget all  
the aforementioned, we are confident  
that it will be a considerable time  
before the memory of the final  
three services, conducted by the  
Chief Secretary and Mrs. Powley  
especially in their spiritual interests,  
shall have left them.

Their march to the grove, headed  
by an exclusively Scout Band, under  
Deputy Bandmaster Ben Smith, of  
Peterboro, was of such a nature as  
to inspire. Their swing was martial,  
their appearance extremely smart,  
and their spirits happy though  
touched with a reverence that lef-  
fited the day.

Obviously there was a sincere  
desire on the part of those partici-  
pating in these gatherings to help  
the boys, and especially did the  
Chief Secretary abandon himself to  
this endeavor. The Colonel's talks  
were gripping, and the vocal efforts  
of both himself and Mrs. Powley  
counted effectively in the achiev-  
ing of results.

The afternoon was in the hands  
of the Scouts themselves, and their  
program was of a high order, fea-  
tured by vocal and instrumental  
items of unquestionable merit, and  
by the presence in the capacity of  
chairman of Colonel Morehen, Ter-  
ritorial Young People's Secretary  
and friend of all the young. The  
Colonel also graced the Scout  
tea-table and gave the lads such a  
spicy talk as he can give. They ap-  
preciated this, too, as their lusty  
cheers indicated.

The night Meeting was a hallowed  
session and the Holy Spirit moved  
many young hearts to decision.  
The air was exclusively that of a  
Sabbath evening. To the passer-by  
the camp would appear "dead" and  
uninviting. In reality it was alive  
and happily so with influences that  
really uplift—an atmosphere that  
was quite free from that hilarity  
as the surrounding country har-  
bored, but that found its joy in the  
worship of Him who instituted the  
Sabbath. Adjutant Porter, under  
whose care the boys have been  
camping, spoke with effect, and the  
Chief Secretary's final appeal of the  
day was a convincing message of  
freedom from besetting sin. The  
Prayer Meeting period revealed a  
line of blue and red-clad forms  
seeking Christ at the mercy-seu,  
with Colonel Morehen directing ten-  
derly and helpfully. Some there  
were whose contrition found ex-  
pression in tears, while that of  
others of more stoical nature was  
revealed by determined counten-  
ances, but both augured well for  
the future consequent upon their  
decisions.

In addition to Colonel and Mrs.  
Powley, Colonel Abdy and Ensign  
Jones soloed, and Mrs. Major  
Knight spoke in the morning ser-  
vice.



# SIXTY REFLECTIONS ON SIXTY YEARS

Written by The General Commemorating The Army's Diamond Jubilee

Sixty years of Holy War!  
Sixty years of Seeking after God.  
Sixty years of Loving souls.  
Sixty years of Fishing for men.  
Sixty years of Catching them.  
Sixty years of Healing the broken-hearted.

Sixty years of Salvation.  
Sixty years of Walking in the Light.  
Sixty years of holding up the Cross.  
Sixty years of Witnessing for Jesus Christ.

Sixty years of Faith in God.  
Sixty years of Forgiveness of Sin.  
Sixty years of Prodigals coming Home.

Sixty years of Forgiveness of Injuries.  
Sixty years of Making Home sweet Home.

Sixty years of Watching by the Gates of Hell.

Sixty years of Waiting at the Gates of Heaven.

Sixty years of Helping the Redeemed to enter.

Sixty years of Pulling Men out of the Fire.

Sixty years of Holiness unto the Lord.  
Sixty years of Praise.

Sixty years of Power.  
Sixty years of Pentecost.

Sixty years of Resisting the Devil.  
Sixty years of Hating him and all his lies.

Sixty years of Fighting the Drink.  
Sixty years of Delivering the Drunkard.

Sixty years of Seeking the Lost Sheep.  
Sixty years of Bringing the Backsliders home.

Sixty years of Love for the loveless.  
Sixty years of showing Mercy.

Sixty years of Pity for the Poor.  
Sixty years of Lending to the Lord.

Let earth and Heaven agree, Angels and men be joined,  
To celebrate with me the Saviour of mankind;  
To adore the all-atoning Lamb, and bless the sound of  
Jesus' Name.

Let us praise and glorify the living God for  
His manifold wonders wrought in our history—  
His marvellous works in our midst.



THE GENERAL, who is now in his seventieth year, is here seen at a Review of Salvation Forces

Sixty years of Sheltering the Homeless.  
Sixty years of Attack on Iniquity.  
Sixty years of Despising the World.  
Sixty years of the Ministry of Woman.  
Sixty years of Caring for the Magdalene.

Sixty years of Showing up Unrighteousness.

Sixty years of the Fountain that is open in the House of David for all uncleanness.

Sixty years of proclaiming the Lamb that was Slain.

Sixty years of the Blood that cleanses from all evil.

Sixty years of the New Song.  
Sixty years of Heavenly Music.

Sixty years of Peace that passeth understanding.

Sixty years of the Bible, and  
Sixty years of Confidence in the Word of God.

Sixty years of Making The Army—and only just begun.

Sixty years of Loving The Army—and going to love it more.

Sixty years of Giving.  
Sixty years of Begging.

Sixty years of Believing in a real Devil.  
Sixty years of Fighting him and taking the prey from his jaws.

Sixty years of Plundering his store-houses.

Sixty years of Proving that "the Promises of God are sure."

Sixty years of His unchanging Faithfulness.

Sixty years of Joy unspeakable.  
Sixty years of Glory.

Sixty years of Jesus and Him Crucified—the same yesterday, and today, and for ever.

Sixty years of Hallelujahs.

And so again I say—Praise ye the Lord.

The Chief Secretary is programmed to conduct a Missionary Meeting on Monday, August 10th, in the Dovercourt Citadel, when Captain and Mrs. Sparkes and Captain Frances Hawkes, who are taking appointments in India, will farewell. It is anticipated that a large gathering will be present to bid God-speed to our departing Commanders.

It is expected that the Chief Secretary and Mrs. Powley will visit Huntsville, Bracebridge, Gravenhurst, Parry Sound and Bala sometime in August. Definite dates will be announced later.

Lieutenant Owen Sharp has been appointed to assist Staff-Captain Harbour at the Port of Quebec in connection with the Immigration Department.

Mr. Jehu Roberts, Foreman of The Salvation Army Pressroom, is at present in the Western States, where he is enjoying a well-earned holiday.

Major George Smith, of Winnipeg, who is in Toronto on special business, was programmed to conduct Meetings at the Temple Corps on Sunday, July 26th.

Colonel Cousins, Young People's and Candidates' Secretary for the Western United States Territory, paid a recent visit to the Territorial Headquarters. The Colonel, who is visiting friends in Toronto and Whiteby, was formerly an Officer in this Territory.

The youngest child of Commandant and Mrs. Harry Walker, of the Newcomer's Inn, has undergone a very

serious operation in the Bloor Street Hospital. The girl, we are pleased to state, is now making satisfactory progress. Prayers are requested on the child's behalf.

Ensign Squarebriggs, of Kitchener, has been successful in obtaining permission to hold Meetings in the local Jail. He will also visit the Police Court and render aid to any deserving cases.

Ensign Ryckman, Ottawa Children's Home, is appointed to the Ottawa Hospital. Other changes are: Captain Wilson, Hamilton Rescue Home to Montreal Hospital; Lieutenant Pearson, London Hospital to Toronto Girls' Receiving Home; Lieutenant Reynolds, London Hospital to Hamilton Rescue Home.

The Dovercourt Senior Band and Songsters recently delighted the inmates of the Home for Incurables with a program of music. The Band is scheduled to visit Woodstock for the week-end of August 1st and 2nd.

Adjutant Lindsay has been transferred from Halifax to Toronto to take up duties under the direction of Brigadier Southall. She is succeeded at "Scotia Lodge," Halifax, by Brother and Sister flies who have recently arrived in Canada from England.

That many of the immigrants who come to Canada under our auspices later become enthusiastic Salvationists is a well-known fact, therefore, it was very gratifying to Brigadier Pinchen when, on a recent occasion at the close of a Meeting, three Bandsmen were introduced to him as youths who were working on farms near the city, and who were loyally giving of their spare time as Bandsmen.

## Territorial Tersities

# Let us Sing

## Wonderful Love

Tune—"Wonderful, wonderful love,"  
298; Song Book, 272.

Jesus came down my ransom to be,  
Oh! it was wonderful love!  
For out of the Father's heart He came.  
To die for me on a cross of shame,  
To set me free He took the blame,  
Oh! it was wonderful love!

### CHORUS

Wonderful, wonderful, wonderful love,  
Coming to me from heaven above,  
Filling me, thrilling me through and  
through.

Oh! it was wonderful love!

Clear to faith's vision the cross  
reveals

Beautiful actions of love;  
And all that by grace e'en I may be  
When saved, to serve Him eternally.  
He came, He died, for you and me.  
Oh! it was wonderful love!

His death's a claim, His love has a  
plea,

Oh! it was wonderful love!  
Ungrateful was I to slight Thy call.  
But, Lord, now I come, before Thee  
fall.

I give myself, I give up all,  
All for Thy wonderful love.

# This PAGE

~For Members of our  
Musical Fraternity~



## TOURING THE VILLAGES

SHERBROOKE BAND TRAVELS THREE HUNDRED MILES  
AND BLESSES RURAL DISTRICTS WITH MUSIC AND SONG

FAVORITE HYMNS—NO. 15.

### "A Mighty Fortress is Our God"

THERE is a scene in which Luther's great hymn, "A mighty fortress is our God," is like Charles Wesley's hymn, "Jesus Lover of My Soul." They were both written by men who had suffered much at the hands of enemies, and they both point to divine aid as the Christian's refuge.

Martin Luther was born in Eisleben, Germany, in 1483. His father was a miner, and young Martin early knew poverty. Even as a child he was passionately fond of music and song. From door to door in his native town, he attended the university at Erfurt, and became an Augustinian monk.

Not many years before Luther's revolt printing had been invented, and books were beginning to be circulated in the language of the common people. In 1524 the first hymn book was printed at Wittenberg—a book with 30 hymns, four of them by Luther. Since that day the Germans have produced several really great hymn-writers, but undoubtedly the greatest of all their hymns is this one of Luther's. Luther himself wrote thirty-six hymns, but none of the others reached the same high standard. The hymn has been made all the more popular by the very fine, dignified tune to which it was sung.

The hymn itself is based on Psalm 46, and was composed about the year 1528. According to one authority it was written when Luther and those associated with him delivered their protest at the Diet of Speyer, a town which the word and the meaning of the word, "Protestant," are derived. None knew better than Luther the strength of the forces arrayed against him, and in spite of his naturally courageous bearing, there were times when he suffered great depression and underwent much mental agony. It is doubtfully it was when he was in such a mood that Luther wrote his magnificent hymn. Its influence was immediately felt and as Amos R. Wells points out, it became for the Reformation what the French hymn, "La Marseillaise," became to France. It became in later years the national hymn of Germany. It was one of the watch-words of the Reformation, cheering armies as they marched to battle for their faith, and establishing others in the hours of their trials.

Luther himself found great comfort in it. There were times when it seemed to Luther that the cause of Protestantism was lost, but in such moments he would turn to his friend Sebastian and say, "Come, Philip, let us sing the 16th Psalm."

The homeward trip started at 11 another Friday, and because of another mishap, the party did not arrive at Sherbrooke until 7 a.m. Saturday. Later in the day a tasty tea was prepared to which the Band League Members were invited, and at 5 p.m. a very happy and contented crowd sat down to do justice to the good things that more program was given, commencing at 8 p.m. in our own Citadel. A fine crowd assembled and as the evening progressed surprise was expressed at the remarkable progress of the Band. Staff-Captain Owen, of the Divisional Headquarters, accompanied the Band.



COMMANDANT SMITH, Peterboro, and his three sons—Deputy-Bandmaster Ben, and Bandsmen Bernard and Bramwell

## For Vocal Soloists

FEW THINGS have more power to reach the heart and move the souls of men than a well-rendered vocal solo. It is also the supreme test of a performer's musical ability and talent; consequently careful preparation is indispensable.

If you are a soloist, never fail to study your theme. Get to know what it is you have to express, for you must remember that a piece of music is not merely a lot of notes put on paper to be sung anyhow. Music is an art, something which affects emotions and sensibilities. Before you can hope to interpret it correctly you must take your copy and give it close consideration in order to find all the subtle meanings of the various passages.

Your rendering will very largely depend upon your character, knowledge, refinement, spirituality, and feeling. So that if you would be a good soloist, be gentle, wise, thoughtful, Christlike, for how can any one express what one does not feel?

## Methodic Breathing

FOR the correct rendition of any song, methodic breathing is essential. Breath must not be taken in a place that would cause a break in a musical phrase, or separate notes that are related by the musical sense.

It is important, of course, not to take breath where a break would occur in a word of two or more syllables, or so as to separate words that the sense requires should be connected. Some of our comrades have found it useful to mark a comma on the music where breath should be taken. This simple plan is advocated—adopt any method so long as the end in view is reached.

by the citizens and in the morning were driven to the Wales Home where, for an hour, the aged folk listened to a program, interspersed with some of the grand old hymn tunes, which never fail to stir the heart and revive fond memories.

Danville soon appeared on the horizon and, let it be said, if Richmond was enthusiastic, then Danville just went out of its way to make the most of every minute of our stay. An Open-Air program was listened to by an intensely interested crowd and the Town Hall at night was apparently

the rendezvous for everybody from milk round.

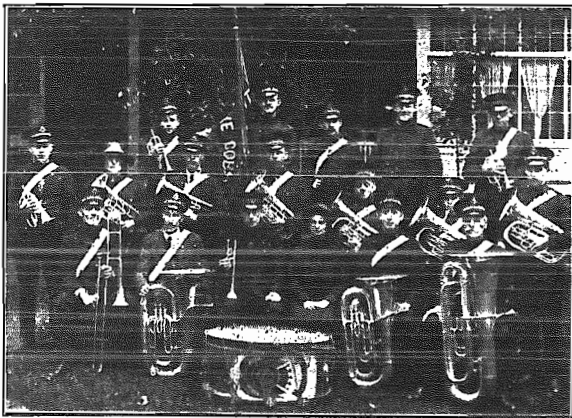
Six engagements in two days, plus one or two extras of a strenuous nature, sent the boys to their beds quite tired. It speaks well for the comfort of the billets that all were up and ready at an early hour for another heavy day; but the best laid plans of mice and men "gang aft agley." An unfortunate delay on the road when the big bus spluttered and splashed up the hill and finally came to a stop, allowed the party to arrive in Sherbrooke only just in time to see the end of the Dominion Fair parade, in which the men were hurrying to take part.

Dinner next, and then away to Stanstead, where an afternoon program was given. Rock Island Opera House was the scene of the night festival. The Stanstead Journal, commenting on this affair said, "The Band numbers were well given and the vocal chorus work of the whole organization was of a high order. The entire service was an inspiration."

The next place was Cookshire where, soon after arrival, the whole party sat down to tea at Mrs. Bennett's. Such a well laden table and such hospitality have rarely enjoyed, and the Rev. Mr. Buckland was a leading spirit in it all. Here again followed a repetition of the other places, homes thrown gladly open for billets, and, following the night festival, a most enthusiastic invitation to "come again."

The next run was a long one, that is to Waterloo, and we arrived with just time enough for a brief program in the centre of the town before dinner. After dinner we set off to the home of Mrs. Harley Purdy, and by special invitation played to the farmers there gathered for a Field Day. From there we hastened to Granby, where the last Musicaic of the tour was given from the bandstand in front of the Town Hall. A great crowd listened with rapt attention to the music rendered and showed their genuine appreciation in no uncertain way.

(Continued foot of col. 4)



THE SHERBROOKE BAND. Captain and Mrs. Bell, Corps Officers, are seen in the front row, centre.



# The WORLD

*Its Ways and Says ~  
~ Its Joys and Sighs*

## International Memorial

Statue of the late President Harding to be Unveiled in Vancouver

**A**N INTERNATIONAL MEMORIAL which in many ways is unique will be unveiled in Vancouver on September 17th next to perpetuate the remembrance of the late President Warren G. Harding's visit to Canadian soil in July 1923.

The unveiling will take place after the International Convention of Kiwanis Clubs, under whose auspices the memorial is being erected. Although the statue was first ordered to be built by a committee acting on the initiative of the Kiwanis Club of Vancouver, the subscription list was open to clubs in the United States as well, with the result that the objective of \$35,000 was soon overreached and the United States Clubs insisted that they bear the entire expense, the amount subscribed by the Canadian Clubs being used to them.

The memorial will mark an event of which history offers no duplicate—that of a United States President making an address on Canadian soil during his term of office. President Harding visited Vancouver for a few days on his way south after visiting Mexico in July, 1923, and was given an honorific reception. His address, in which he made an eloquent plea for continued friendship between the English-speaking peoples, and particularly between Canada and the United States, was listened to by more than 20,000 people.

The memorial will stand within a few feet of the exact spot in Stanley Park where President Harding stood when he delivered his speech. It will be flanked by gigantic Douglas fir trees, the forest providing a striking and awe-inspiring background. The statue itself, which is the work of Carlo Marzani, an Italian sculptor now resident in Vancouver, is being modelled from a design submitted to the International Kiwanis Headquarters in Chicago, and which was selected as the best of the group of eighty designs submitted by sculptors all over the continent. The statue will be ready to set in place about the middle of August, and it is hoped to have President Coolidge officiate at the unveiling in the following month.

## Glacier Eggs

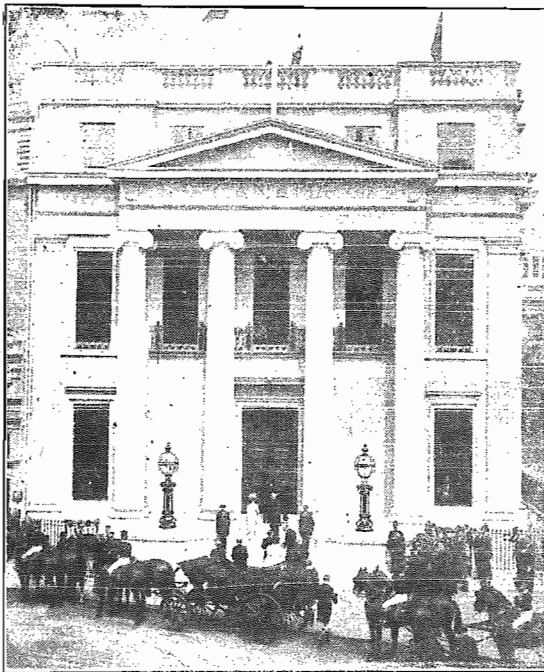
**M**OUNTAINEERS returning from the West report that glacier eggs, a very uncommon formation, were discovered by a party of scientists exploring the ice cracks of Paradise Glacier, on Mount Rainier. These curious things were found in small nests like hollows, from five to eight together. They are stone pebbles, about the size of pullet eggs, worn perfectly smooth, white or pink, and nearly globular. Seven of the egg nests were located and the pebbles collected for various museums. It is said the glacier eggs occur on some glaciers in the Alps, but hitherto, have not been encountered on American continental glaciers.

## CANADA'S NEW LONDON HEADQUARTERS

KING AND QUEEN PRESENT AT OPENING OF IMPOSING BUILDING IN TRAFALGAR SQUARE

**T**HE recent opening of the new Canadian building in Trafalgar Square, London, England, by the King and Queen, marks a new epoch in the expression of Canada's status in the capital of the Empire. Mr. Larkin, the High Commissioner, has served his country well, and has conferred a benefit on London by the excellence of the site and the beauty of the building. It is known that in its High Commissioner Canada possesses a man of notable artistic taste, and he has been fortunate in his selection of an architect, Mr. Septimus Warwick, who has many architectural triumphs to his credit. The photograph which we reproduce will give our readers a good idea of the fine proportions of Canada House.

The ceremony, which marked the official opening, was most admirably arranged. Both the King and Queen showed their obvious pleasure in the simple but impressive ceremony, and His Majesty's speech clearly expressed his pleasant memories of Canada and the



His Majesty Unlocking the Bronze Doors of Canada's new Home in London, England

warm interest with which he follows the progress and development of the Dominion.

The acquisition of this commanding site in the most famous square in London enables Mr. Larkin to carry out the design which he determined on shortly after entering the office of High Commissioner. He desired that all the activities of the Canadian Government in London should be housed under one roof, and there are now brought together, in addition to his own High Commissioner's staff, the London staff of the Emigration Department, of the Soldiers' Civil Re-establishment, and of the Department of Trade and Commerce.

The people of Canada have for some years been rather impatiently awaiting the consummation which has now been achieved. But the delay has been worth while, for Canada has now taken the position to which its size and population entitle it, and all Canadians who see their new official domicile will agree that this fine result was well worth waiting for.

## Pioneering in China

(Continued from page 3)

Traveling now became difficult, there were no mules; we had to walk, our luggage being carried by men from the village. We were forced, several times, to wade across a fairly wide river, which is no warm job at five in the morning.

Our road now was just a narrow track a foot wide; this led us up mountains on the edge of cliffs, and through rocky valleys; the mountains were now high and rugged, devoid of trees, simply bare rocks. At noon we came to a little village, where the people were afraid, and when tracts were offered to them they ran away from us.

We had now twenty-five li to go before reaching T'ao Ma Kuan; the path was worse than ever, and between us and our objective was another high mountain range. It can be imagined how we felt when, on reaching the summit, we found in front of us a sheer drop of hundreds of feet to the valley; the mountains visible means of descent and, to make matters worse it was nearly sundown, a strong wind was blowing, and the carriers said they had lost their way. We did find a way down, though it was not very safe, and great was our relief when we reached the foot of the valley. Now we were soon at our journey's end, and were fortunate enough to find a clean inn, for which we were thankful, and, in a very short time, had settled down for the night after a good day's walk.

Tao Ma Kuan, founded 250 years before Christ. It was built by the Emperor Chin, and was an important gateway in the Great Wall of China. Remains of the Great Wall are visible, winding over the hills; the watch towers are in excellent condition, even after two thousand years. The town is surrounded by the Great Wall; there used to be a Yamen and a Mandarin, but the glory of Tao Ma Kuan has long since passed away. There still remains a custom house, because this is a main pass through the mountains to Shensi and Mongolia. It is interesting to see the long convoys of mules laden with varieties of merchandise, winding along the cobbled street. The last foreigners to pass through this place were British Tommies, twenty-four years ago, at the time of the Boer trouble. At our inn we saw a relic of their visit, a "bully beef" tin, now used as an incense burner; before the "God of War"; the old innkeeper was proud of his "curio".

We stayed the week-end in Tao Ma Kuan, holding meetings and selling Gospels. Sunday morning we conducted a Meeting in the large room of the inn. How interested was the landlord, his sons, and neighbors; they had never heard such a doctrine before. In the cool of the evening we climbed up on to the Great Wall. Looking down into the village we could see the Lieutenant sitting at the door of the inn surrounded by a group of men; he was telling them the story of the prodigal son. Our feelings were stirred when we realized that this village was a busy place 250 years before Christ, was born, but was only now, to our knowledge, hearing the story of His birth for the first time; it has taken two thousand years to get there.

We were reluctant to leave, but after two days' stay set out on our homeward journey, with the innkeeper's two sons acting as carriers. We placed our baggage on mules, and stayed the night; after the Open Air service we returned to the inn, the men and boys of the village following us, and about two hundred gathered in the courtyard. They asked us many questions, and we were told them to sit down on the ground, which they did, forming a large half circle. What a picture! No light but the stars above, and a flickering cotton wick in oil, and this big crowd of men listening for our message. It was a splendid opportunity, we saw the most of it, and, until a late hour, Army songs and choruses sounded on the still night air; also words were spoken to them which we pray will be as seed fallen on good ground.

## NEWS FROM THE SUB-TERRITORY

## "EXCELSIOR" SESSION SENT FORTH

Thirty-one Cadets Commissioned and Dedicated for Service by Colonel Cloud.

A MOST interesting event took place in the St. John's Citadel on a recent Thursday night, when thirty-one young men and women of the "Excelsior" Session, after ten months of training, received their commissions as Officers in The Salvation Army.

That the citizens of St. John's were interested in this event was proven by the huge crowd that packed the building, many having to stand throughout the service.

The special features of the service were the singing of three songs composed by Colonel Cloud and Cadets Burden and Jones, respectively; also an interesting dialogue in three scenes, which depicted an Officer's arrival and reception at a new Corps. These items were loudly applauded.

The Colonel thanked the people most heartily for their presence, and assured them that it was a pleasing occasion to him as he felt that the commissioning of these young people would mean much to The Salvation Army in Newfoundland. He then called on Captain Butler, Side Officer for the Men's Training Garrison, who expressed his delight at having had the opportunity of associating with the Cadets during the past months. The Captain felt that he, himself, had been greatly helped and had received a larger vision of the possibilities of The Salvation Army in Newfoundland.

A statement referring to the work accomplished by the Cadets while in training was read by the General Secretary. The charge, delivered by Colonel Cloud, was very impressive, and one that will live in the memory of all present.

Ensign Bishop, the Chief Side Officer, was next called upon to speak, but before doing so received her promotion to the rank of Adjutant. The Adjutant spoke of the pleasure it had afforded her to help train the Cadets for Army service.

The dedication which followed the commissioning was impressive indeed. The Cadets took hold of the hands, were raised, sang, "Were the whole realm of nature mine," Many were moved to tears. The prayers of the comrades and friends will follow these young Officers to their appointments.

## MEMORIAL DAY SERVICES

## Thirteen Converts at Night

Sunday, July 24th, was celebrated throughout Newfoundland as Memorial Day. Under the auspices of the G. W. V. A., the program at St. John's was splendidly carried out. The united Bands from the Nos. 1 and 2 Corps, together with The Salvation Army war veterans, and the three city Troops of Life-Saving Guards, marched from the parade grounds to the Adelaide Street Citadel, where a Memorial Service was conducted by Colonel Cloud. After the service a united parade took place, and services were conducted at the Sergeants' Memorial and the National Memorial.

His Excellency the Governor, after addressing the huge crowd present, unveiled a bronze tablet containing the names of Newfoundland's sons who laid down their lives during the Great War. The playing of the united Salvation Army Bands was a special feature of this service.

At night, in St. John's Citadel, Colonel Cloud conducted a very impressive service, and in the Prayer Meeting thirteen seekers knelt at the mercy-seat.

## OFFICIAL GAZETTE

(By Authority of the General)

## PROMOTIONS:

## To be Adjutant—

Ensign Mary Bishop.

## To be Pro-Captain—

Cadet Samuel Burden, Dildo.  
Cadet William Blundell, Herring Neck.

Cadet Harrison Cooper, Phillip's Head.

Cadet Gordon Driscoll, Humbermouth.

Cadet Allan Greenham, Ingle.

Cadet Cecil Pretty, Britannia.

Cadet Obed, Rideout, Carter's Cove.

Cadet Max Simmons, Bell Island.

Cadet James Thorne, Botwood.

Cadet Carrie Banfield, Black Island.

Cadet Florence Blackmore, Wellington.

Cadet Elsie Barry, Hare Bay.

Cadet Ethel Collins, Catalina.

Cadet Rosetta Ellsworth, Fortune.

Cadet Elsie Hale, Lamaline.

Cadet Hannah Jones, Grace Mater-nity Hospital.

Cadet Lillian Jones, Bonavista.

Cadet Mariel Littlejohn, Collier's Island.

Cadet Pearl Rideout, Charleston.

Cadet Winifred Saunders, Grace Mater-nity Hospital.

Cadet Esther West, Summerford.

Cadet Katharine Barter, Flat Island, P.B.

Cadet Ethel Barter, Grace Mater-nity Hospital.

To be Pro-Lieutenant—

Cadet Charles Lash, Stannope and Lewisporte.

Cadet David Legge, Deer Lake.

Cadet John Rideout, Metropole, St. John's.

Cadet Elitena Brown, Port de Grave.

Cadet Mabel Dawe, Hare Bay.

Cadet Alma Moore, Grace Mater-nity Hospital.

Cadet Nellie Reid, Hickman's Harbor.

Cadet Lizzie Banfield, Point Lewis-ington.

CHARLES SOWTON,  
Commissioner.

Sub-Territorial Commander:  
**COL. THOMAS CLOUD**

Headquarters:  
SPRINGDALE ST.  
ST. JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND

## LUSHES BIGHT

Adjutant and Mrs. Porter

Great times are being experienced in this Corps, and although many of the Comrades have farewelled and gone to the fishery, those who are remaining are putting up a splendid fight. Recently a man sought variation in one of our Meetings.

## WESLEYVILLE

Ensign and Mrs. Hewitt

We have just had another enrolment of Soldiers (Junior and Senior) and, we are glad to relate, had the joy of seeing twenty-one seekers at the Cross and claiming forgiveness on a recent Sunday.

## FORTUNE

Adjutant and Mrs. Anthony

We have again been visited by the Death Angel, and Sister Mrs. Forsey, who was ill for only a week, has answered the Call. The Funeral Service was conducted by Adjutant Anthony, and was largely attended. Our prayers are with the bereaved.



THE "EXCELSIOR" SESSION OF CADETS recently commissioned in the St. John's Citadel by the Sub-Territorial Commander. Colonel and Mrs. Cloud, Major and Mrs. Tilley, and Adjutant Bishop (Chief Side Officer) are seen in the front row.



# From COUNTER To PLATFORM

## A SKETCH OF COLONEL OTWAY'S EVENTFUL CAREER

(Continued from last week)

TWO ASSISTANTS were soon commissioned to help the new Captain, one of whom was Lieutenant Powley, brother to our present Chief Secretary. Those three young Officers were nothing if not zealous in their work, and in a brief period four other villages were invaded, making in all seven centres of work. The Soldiers' Roll numbered three hundred names, and twelve village Sergeants worked under the command of the Officers. Among the converts of that time who later earned distinction for their service was a railway clerk by the name of Spencer, now a Lieut.-Colonel in The Salvation Army.

Captain Otway was next appointed to Lavenham, Suffolk, and he again gave attention to the opening of four Outposts. It is of interest to know that at one of the Outposts the Sergeant-Major was a blacksmith who afterwards became a Baptist Minister. His son, however, at a later date, after spending a profitable period as a Soldier at another Corps, entered the Training Garrison and eventually offered for service in The Hermit Kingdom. He is to-day Major Hill of Korea, who recently married Ensign Kathleen Otway, the Colonel's eldest daughter.

### Promoted to the Staff

Captain Harry was not allowed to wear out in one appointment. It seemed he had scarcely driven his "tent pegs" in one place before Marching Orders were received to proceed to a new field. In those days the ranking system of The Army was not so complex as at present. An Officer might go to sleep a humble Captain in the field and awake in the morning to find a letter advising of his elevation to a Staff-Captaincy.

Such a sudden flight from field to Staff rank was one of the exhilarating experiences of the Captain. It was on December 29, 1885, that he proudly assumed the title of Staff-Captain. His superiors must have sensed that he was a born explorer, for they immediately set him to work to pioneer our Movement in the villages of the Eastern Counties. One opening per week was the objective of this ambitious young Staff Officer. As a duck takes to water he took to his new sphere of labor, his larn, coffee-house and pigsty experiences now serving him well. As fast as difficulties popped up he treated them as ten pins and knocked them down again, and throughout Norfolk, Suffolk and Cambridgeshire the pioneer fitted, introducing the odd methods of this new-departure religious organization.

### Assistant to Colonel Ridsdel

It can truly be stated that the Eastern Counties of England at this time were ablaze with the Salvation flame, and like an onrushing prairie fire it spread from town to town. Thousands of souls were "born again," and scores of young men and women became Officers. Brigadier Pinchen, now Resident Secretary for Immigration, Montreal, was one of the catenues about this time.

In December of '87 the Staff-Captain was appointed as A.D.C. to Colonel (now Commissioner, retired) Ridsdel in the Kent and Sussex Division. The term A.D.C. has now very largely passed out of Army terminology, but in those days it was a well-defined position similar to Chancellor of the Exchequer. Captain Ridsdel was then in his prime and proved a decided fillip in stirring up the enthusiasm of his "second." John Spencer (now Lieut.-Colonel) was Divisional Cashier of the Division at that time.

It happened that Brighton, Harry Otway's birthplace, was in the Kent and Sussex Division. Now that so many years intervene, we think it quite all right to whisper that the Staff-Captain paid more than frequent visits to his home town and preached to those who had known him as a grocer boy. And, had we been in his boots, we should have done the same.

However, he was not long permitted to enjoy this appointment, and a telegram brought a jolt to this happy arrangement. It read, "Come to London. See Chief immediately." Farewells followed and he was appointed Divisional Officer in charge of the eastern village Corps—a re-appointment to conserve the work in his old battlefield. The people in his command were very poor and constant financial stress kept the Divisional Eschequer at low ebb. From what we

learn of the hardships which the new D.C. endured, we should say he might well write us a book during his days of retirement, and entitle it, "How to be happy though penniless." Practical experience qualifies him so to do.

Captain Heather (now Lieut.-Colonel) was the Divisional Cashier at that time and worried a bit as to how best to secure funds which were absolutely necessary. However, as there were over one hundred Circle Corps and three hundred Outposts in the command, opportunity for "gold-digging" was not lacking.

### Various Other Appointments

Other Divisional commands followed; namely, Cambridge, Kansas, South Wales, Wakefield, Yorkshire and Exeter. After a brief command of the last-mentioned Division, the General appointed him as Provincial Commander for Ireland. While there, on July 3, 1894, he was promoted to the rank of Major. It was in the city of Belfast that Major Otway was joined in matrimony to

### India and Newfoundland

Two years later Major Otway was ordered to the National Headquarters, London, and appointed as Secretary and Organizer for Village Work in the British Territory. Evidently the name of "Otway" was to be inseparably related to the villages. He entered into his work with characteristic vim, and the entire Territory was moved to take a greater interest in the Salvation of the country population. Gospel vans moved from one settlement to another; tents were brought into use; and the rank of "Envoy" was introduced at that time, thus initiating an order of Army "Local Preachers."

Other appointments followed in rapid succession; namely, as Provincial Commander for the Midland Counties; as assistant under the late Commissioner Rees at the Training Garrison; as second in command in the London Province, under Commissioner Hodder; as Provincial Commander of the Eastern Counties; and then of South and Mid-Wales, with Headquarters at Cardiff. Wales saw a great "move on," the Corps rising from sixty to eighty. There were sixty Bands, with twelve hundred Bandmen.

In 1912 Colonel and Mrs. Otway were transferred to India, and after a brief period of service there, returned to take charge of the Hull and Lincoln Division in England. In 1915 the General visited Hull and left orders for our Comrades to again pack their trunks and proceed across the Atlantic to Newfoundland.

For three years Colonel and Mrs. Otway revelled in their labors on the Seagirt Isle. Of their journeyings and victories many the Colonel could say much, but space will not permit. Suffice it to record his opinion that Newfoundland leads the world for real Salvationism. The population is less than one-half that of Toronto and is scattered about an area 40,000 square miles. In this command there are approximately ninety Corps. We think no other section of The Army world can approach this record. God greatly blessed his labors and ten new Corps were opened and thirty new properties erected. The Rolls of both Soldiers and Adherents were greatly increased and the financial status of The Army in the Sub-Territory advanced appreciably.

### Service in "The Queen City"

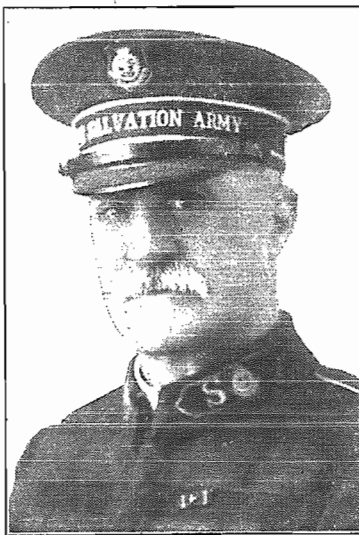
The year 1918 found the Colonel in Toronto as Divisional Commander for the City, and two years later as Men's Social Secretary for the Territory. During this latter appointment the Colonel has been a frequent traveler, visiting the various institutions, Corps and prisons which were in the line of duty. Three new Hotels have been opened, the Industrial Departments have doubled their usefulness, and the Brighton Day League for prisoners has been inaugurated.

It is worthy of note that the Colonel's three children have followed in his footsteps and chosen Officership as their vocation in life. Adjutant Henry is in Chicago, Ill., connected with the Special Efforts Department; Kathleen (Mrs. Major Hill) and Gertrude (Mrs. Captain Welbourn) are, both in Korea.

To the "War Cry" representative the Colonel paid a great tribute to the work of Mrs. Otway. She is a born fighter and a good mother, and has been a faithful and powerful able. Mrs. Otway has been closely associated with the Colonel in all his numerous campaigns. She has ever been a ready sharer of her husband's burdens and responsibilities, and manifested a keen interest in the progress of The Army work. It is well known that Mrs. Otway can talk well, and is at home on the platform. She has also proven her worth in personal dealing with men and women who were under the lash of conviction.

And now, after forty-one years of valiant service, Colonel and Mrs. Otway are about to retire. They deserve the days of rest which are just about. As they slip out of the harness of active service into the great company of spent heroes on rest, they do so with the well wishes and prayers of many an one whom they have bled a step nearer Heaven. As the Angel of the Lord has gone before them in a pillar of cloud during life's day-time, may they have the sweet consciousness that He is near in a pillar of fire as they descend the slope at eventide.

May the dear Lord be pleased to show us as they journey down the hill together.



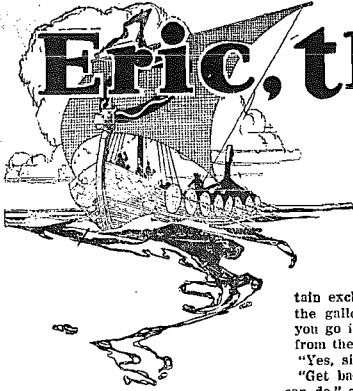
Colonel Otway as he is to-day.

Captain Frances Green, the late Commissioners Howard and Rees conducting the ceremony.

Captain Green had considerable field experience, having commanded such Corps as Halifax, L. Castleford and Barnsley. She had also been attached to the Founder's staff in his great Salvation campaigns. From the start she became a true partner, assisting effectively in campaigning throughout the Province.

In Colonel Otway's memory Ireland even a "green" spot—green in more ways than one. During his administration there fourteen new Corps were opened and, as one might well expect, a great number of Outposts. It was at Rosemount, a Londonderry Outpost, that one Mr. Orr, a lawyer's clerk, gave his heart to God. To-day he is a Lieut.-Colonel.

A definite work of grace was also accomplished at one of the other Outposts. A certain deacon of the local church attended The Army Meetings and received Salvation. He had a large business and among many other goods, sold intoxicating liquor. The morning following his conversion he called his staff together and informed them of the great change and ordered all liquor to be destroyed. Fully \$500.00 worth of stock was poured out.



# Eric, the Viking Boy

## By Penrush,

### Chapter III.—A Row and a Friend

ERIC was so intent on his cooking that he failed to notice the movement of sailors on deck and the tossing of the boat as, with sails set, she lazily drifted out of harbor on her journey. In fact, he was surprised on looking up to find the ship moving and to see Tromso, his home town, the only place he really knew, fast disappearing in the distance. He stood in the doorway for some little time and then went back into the galley. Soon after the mate suddenly appeared and demanded—

"What say, lad? Bring on the stuff. Don't you know that eight bells is the call to dinner? Get a move on."

Eric emptied the meat and potatoes in a porcelain dish and took it back to the forecabin, where the sailors were seated on their bunks with a table in the centre.

"Well, well, and here's little angel face now," called out one of the men, as Eric put down the dish. "We'll soon see what kind of a cook the captain picked."

Each of the sailors helped himself to a generous amount of steaming foodstuffs, which they piled on plates of tin and quickly started to eat. One mouthful was enough. The meat was heavy with salt and bitter tasting, and they spat it out, cursing.

"You little rat," the mate finally gasped. "I'll get you for that."

And rising, he struck Eric a blow on the mouth that sent him careening back across the forecabin and close to the front of the ladder. Other sailors got up to repeat the same deed, but the boy quickly realized his danger, rose to his feet and scrambled through the hatch to the deck just as a platter of mush, flung by one of the men, struck him on the head and poured down over his jacket and pants.

Burned to the skin, Eric howled back an angry retort at the men, whereupon one of the younger deck hands, more bitterly roused than the rest, took up the chase. Round and round the deck they chased, up the masts and down the rigging, up and down again until both were nearly exhausted. Presently, the captain came out of his cabin.

"What's the matter here now?" the old man cried, as he looked over the group of sailors at one side, the one led climbing up the mast and Eric sliding down a rope from the crew's mast. "Has the ship gone crazy?"

"Well, now, sir," began the mate stepping out from the group, "I can't say that all of us have gone crazy, but the boy, there, little baby face, isn't a cook, or I'm crazy, and that's that."

The captain's cheeks flushed, his eyes blazed, as he called Eric to him.

When the boy approached the captain took his nose between fore and centre fingers and twisted his head back until their eyes met.

"I hired you for a cook, and you've turned out to be a good liar," the captain exclaimed. "Now get back in the galley there, and over the rail you go if I hear so much as a peep from the men again. Is that plain?"

"Yes, sir," muttered Eric. "Get back, and let's see what you can do," said the captain, turning on his heel and walking back to the cabin.

Eric, sore in body and bitterly sore in spirit, made his way slowly back to the galley and slumped down on a bench to the side. He realized he was a failure and thought of the future as days, weeks, months that had to be struggled through. There seemed to be no way out. But just when things looked blackest a sailor stepped in the doorway. He was the oldest member of the crew, more

"I know that. It's too bad you led the captain on to thinking that you could. He might have found someone else in your place. But that's neither here nor there and right now it's little concern of ours. What I want to do is to get you started right; that is, if you want me to."

"Why, I'll do anything you ask," Eric answered in a breath. "Just tell me what to do."

Painstakingly, the old man went over some of the things Eric was not to do. Most important of all, he wasn't to pretend. Nor was he to talk back. That might be all right for the first mate but it wasn't done—by the cook.

Eric took in everything that was said and then closely watched the old man as he prepared supper. How easily he went about his work, first putting in a good fire and then mashing ready the boiled potatoes and herring. It was a feast as meals go aboard boat and Eric was mighty proud when the mate finally summoned him to the forecabin.

When Eric entered with the tray

especially hard for the first mate to understand.

"I say," he remarked to some of the other men, quizzically, "I know me what those two find to like in each other. You'd think they were brothers."

"You would that," the sailor answered. "Ain't it queer?"

And there the discussion would drift into all sorts of probabilities.

One morning Eric had a particularly trying time. He was cleaning out the main cabin when the captain came in, and, wrenching the broom from his hands, exclaimed:

"What do you mean by making all this dust. Here I came in for a rest and find the place in an uproar."

"But you told me to clean up the room," Eric put in, "and that's what I was trying to do."

"Clean, you whippersnapper," the captain fairly shouted. "You don't know what cleaning is; out with you!"

And he pushed Eric, broom and all, out of the cabin and slammed the door.

Eric, down in the mouth and thoroughly crushed in spirit, walked back to the galley and took a seat on the bench, where he was soon joined by Fritz.

"What's the matter now?" Fritz asked, noticing a sharp look of pain in the eyes of his friend. "You'd think the world had suddenly turned topsy-turvy."

"It has—for me," Eric replied. And he related his recent experience with the captain.

"You mustn't mind the old man, not now, at any rate," said Fritz slapping a brawny hand, in comradely fashion, on the boy's knee. "He's not to be blamed."

"Course, you'd stick up for him," Eric exclaimed, boyishly; "you always do."

"There, now, lad, come down to earth and I'll tell you something."

"Well!"

"I said the captain had plenty to worry about, and I meant it. Haven't you noticed a sort of haze on the water since early morning? And gaze at the sky. It looks like a mess of curdled milk, and I'm here to tell you the signs ain't good. We're headed straight into a storm, and the captain knows it. Right now he's busy studying the barometer."

"Oh?"

"You may well say 'oh,'" continued Fritz. "Come, now, and I'll show you what to do."

The galley was only a makeshift sort of box on the forward deck. It was little larger than six feet square and had a stubby little chimney sticking out through the top. Fritz helped Eric make fast the little coop, and then told him of a few things that would have to be done when the storm broke. Eric listened closely, and took care to follow all directions.

That morning there was little change in the weather, and it was not until late afternoon that the sailors began to get uneasy. Whitecaps started to break on the water while the sky darkened quickly and the schooner began to toss. Just then Fritz ran into the galley where Eric was putting about with some tins, and exclaimed:

"Don't mind about that. Hurry up and get into your bunk now. We're in for a rough time, and there's no mistake about it."

(To be continued)



"The meat was bitter and they spat it out."

bowed of leg, and, as the boy was pleased to notice before, a little kinder than the rest.

"I've come to talk over things a bit," said the old man as he sat down beside Eric. "I may be able to help you."

"You—you're here to help me?" Eric exclaimed incredulously. "Why you don't even know my name, or I yours."

"Mine's Fritz," said the older man, "and I want you to know, first of all, that I, too, worked up salty meat on my first trip out."

"You did?"

The old man laughed. "Most all the young fellows do. Few of them know how to cure salted meat and the old sailors expect them to make a blunder. Trouble is, they always get sore and very often raise up a lot of devilment for the whole trip. I want to prevent it if I can this time."

### Eric Finds a Friend

"But what can you do?" asked Eric, hopeful for the first time. "I don't know a thing about cooking."

the men, as he could see, were bitter and ready to explode at the first opportunity. Gingly, now, they inspected the food and carefully ate it. But there was no complaint this time. Most of the sailors went in for a second helping and a knowing glance passed between Eric and old Fritz when the mate finally said:

"Well, now, that's different. I wonder where the kid learned it."

### Chapter IV.—Out in a Stiff Storm

Eric and Fritz were inseparable companions during the next few days. Fritz liked to putter about the stove, especially at dinner time, and the boy proved to be an apt pupil, learning much about the cooking of simple dishes and care of the galley. Eric, on the other hand, did all he could to relieve Fritz of some of the menial tasks about deck, and frequently stood watch with the older man until long after midnight. Thus was a friendship ripened that was to be wondered at and whispered about by the rest of the crew during the remainder of the voyage. It was

## HELP US FIND!

The Salvation Army will search for missing persons in any part of the globe, befriend, and as far as possible, assist anyone in difficulty. Address Colonel H. Otway, James and Albert Streets, Toronto, marking "Enquiry" on the Envelope. One dollar should, where possible, be sent with each enquiry, to help defray expenses.

Information wanted of JOHN and JAMES MORRISON, sons of the late John Morrison of Rugby Avenue, also Victoria Road, Bangor, County Down, Ireland. Communicate immediately with Colonel Otway, 20 Albert Street, Toronto. Advantageous news awaits.



**ROGERS, Bert**  
—Supposed to have come to Canada from Monmouthshire, on S.S. "Montcalm" during 1924, intending to go harvesting in the West. There is trouble at home, and his mother is anxious to get in touch with him (see photo). 15570

**McGOLDRICK, Pat**—Age 41, height 5 ft. 3 in., fair hair, blue eyes, fair complexion. Native of Ballinacree, Riverstown, Sligo. Came to Canada about 15 years ago to better himself. Good news awaits. 15524

**WALTON, Luther**—Age 46, medium height, fair complexion, brown eyes and hair (turning grey), thumb missing on right hand. Last heard from in March, 1924, when he was in Toronto. Wife and family anxiously enquiring. 15571

**PARKER, Nellie Marie**—Age 18. Supposed to have come to Canada with her father some nine years ago. May be in Toronto. Her father, Edmund Richard Parker, is an engraver by trade. Sister Ethel enquires. 15509

**McNEVIN, William or Mitchell**—Left home two years ago and has roamed around the West and also the States. Home was in Whitcham. Information will be thankfully received as to his whereabouts. 15540

**FATUN, Christian Emil, alias Jack Hamilton**—Age 37, medium weight, bluish-grey eyes, dark complexion. Danish. Was with the C.E.F. and returned to Canada and was working for the Hydro in Niagara in 1921. Mother anxiously enquires for her son. 15420

**MORRISON, Sarah**—Age 47, height 5 ft. 1 in., auburn hair, grey eyes, fair complexion. Irish. Was in Montreal several years ago. Brother enquires. 15432

**ACTON, William and Wife**—Came to Canada in 1871-72. Was a bootmaker by profession, and is supposed to have resided in Montreal. Son is very anxious to locate. 15467

**WRIGHT, Herbert Orlando**—Age 37, height 6 ft., dark brown hair, blue-grey eyes, male complexion. Missing since August last. Was last heard from St. James Street Post Office, Montreal. Information urgently needed. 15488

**DOWNEY, Thomas**—Age 29, height 5 ft. 9 in., dark hair, blue eyes. Ex-soldier, served with 11th Artillery. Relatives last heard from him two years ago in Montreal. 15497

**HARMAN, Benjamin**—Age 35, height 5 ft. 11 in., dark eyes and hair. Last heard from in Western Canada. Mother would be glad to receive any news regarding his whereabouts. 15499

**MACK, Clara Victoria**—Age 28, height 5 ft. 6 in., dark brown eyes, pale complexion, Irish. Photographer. Last heard from in Toronto about eight years ago. Brother enquires. 15507

**GUTORMSEN, Johan Severin**—Age 58, medium height, fair hair, blue eyes, Norwegian. Last heard from some 27 years ago in Halifax. Sister would like news. 15508

**LINDSTROM, Valborg**—Norwegian, age 24, medium height, blue eyes, fair hair. Last heard from in New York in December, 1922; may have come to Canada. Father enquires. 15509

**KJÆR, Miss Johanne**—Last known to live in Ottawa. May have married. We would like to communicate with this party. 15509

**ALLNATT, Edward George**—Age 52, height 6 ft., brown hair and eyes, fresh complexion. Baker, grocer, or chef. Native of Sandhurst, England. Daughter enquires. 15514

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## COMING EVENTS COMMISSIONER

AND  
**MRS. SOWTON**  
Toronto 1.—Sun., Aug. 30th.  
Sunnyside—Sun., Aug. 30th. 9 p.m.  
Riverdale—Sun., Sept. 6th.  
Port Colborne—Sun., Sept. 13th.  
Temple—Thurs., Sept. 17th (Farewell of Colonel and Mrs. Otway).  
Temple—Sun., Sept. 20th (Welcome of Cadets).  
Colonel Adby will accompany.

**The Chief Secretary**  
(Colonel Powley)  
Trenton, Ont.—Sat. and Sun., Aug. 1st and 2nd. (Opening of new Hall).  
MAJOR KNIGHT: Halleybury, Fri., July 31st; Cobalt, Sat.-Sun., Aug. 1-2nd.  
STAFF-CAPTAIN H. RITCHIE: North Sydney, Thurs., July 30th.  
STAFF-CAPTAIN THOMPSON—Brock Ave., Sun., Aug. 9th.

## HOSPITAL'S FIFTH BIRTHDAY

THE SYDNEY CITADEL presented a very charming appearance on a recent afternoon, when the Ladies' Auxiliary of the Hospital gave a delightful tea in honor of the Hospital's fifth birthday. The tea table, which was prettily decorated, was centered with a huge birthday cake covered with white icing and decorated with shamrocks. Yellow, green and white was the color scheme used throughout, and great bunches of daffodils, in their setting of green leaves, were everywhere in evidence. These were the gift of F. J. Hinett. The twelve months of the year were smartly represented by twelve small tea-tables, at which the guests were seated, each table decorated to represent the month to which it belonged. Each table was in charge of a lady representing the month and who worked under the convener of the social committee, Mrs. Evan. The man.

Under the direction of Mrs. Therkau, a pleasing program was given. The excellent sum of \$162.00 was realized.

### DIGBY Ensign Mosher

On Sunday the Meeting took the form of a farewell to Captain Urquhart who has been stationed here for the past year, and also to Captain Thompson who was with us for a short time. On Thursday night we welcomed Ensign Mosher and at the close of the Prayer Meeting one backslider returned to the Fold.

### NEW GLASGOW

Commandant and Mrs. Woolfrey From the beginning of the Self-Denial Campaign a splendid spirit was manifested by the Comrades, although numbers of new are out of employment owing to the miners' strike. When it was made known that the target of \$1,175.00 was smashed there was indeed great rejoicing, this being a record Self-Denial total for New Glasgow. The young people deserve great credit for the splendid effort on their part in the Campaign. They worked hard and gave willingly.

The income from the Saving League was excellent. When the last Sunday's savings were handed in the record sheet showed the handsome sum of \$201.30, this amount being nearly four times as much as the previous year.

The many friends of The Army who donate yearly to the Self-Denial Fund did well, some of them giving twice as much as last year. We highly appreciate the splendid spirit manifested by them.

**BREAKING  
NEW GROUND  
IN CHINA.**

(See page 3)

# The WAR CRY



**THE ARMY'S  
DIAMOND  
JUBILEE.**

(See page 4)

**Official Gazette of The Salvation Army in Canada East,  
Newfoundland and Bermuda.**

Number 2129.

TORONTO, August 1st, 1925.

Price FIVE CENTS

TOKYO is a strange mixture of up-to-date efficiency and semi-feudalistic old-worldism. One sees the seven-storied office building with elevators and every modern convenience almost side by side with the tile-roofed, wooden structure which differs but slightly from the houses and shops that formed the Tokyo of fifty or even a hundred years ago.

The last word in limousines may be followed by an itinerant vendor whose stock-in-trade is carried in a similar vehicle to that used by his great-grandfather.

One can go along the streets and hear disseminating music a loud speaker—the product of the latest scientific wonder—or there may burst upon one's ears the weird notes of a kind of flageolet, which is the call of the man who comes round with a cart and serves hot suppers—a similar call as gladdened the hearts and whetted the appetites of the Japanese long before Commander Perry made his historic call at Uraga and thus opened Japan to foreign influence.

Sometimes the city takes on a subdued, decorative garb (especially at New Year time) which makes one feel he has landed in a Fairyland; at other times it bursts forth with the garish brilliancy of Piccadilly or Broadway.

It will not be wondered at, therefore, that even the fire-fighting appliances of the city have their contrasting aspects. At night a man patrols each residential district carrying a lantern and two pieces of hardwood which he periodically bangs together as he walks. We sometimes call him the "click-clack man," and we are glad to hear him as his wooden clappers tell us that all is well and there are no outbreaks of fire in our vicinity.

Should he carry a drum, however, we become alert and listen carefully so that we may hear him call out where the fire is and thus judge whether it is necessary for us to begin to make preparations for clearing out. This is an anxious moment, as at any time a fire might occur which would sweep over a whole district. The rapidity with which Japanese families can be on the trail with practically all their belongings makes one feel he must have everything packed up ready for just such an emergency.

In the event of a fire being in progress, one also hears the weird, mournful cries of the sirens and the powerful throbs of the up-to-date fire engines as they rush to the point of danger. These, in the dead stillness of the night, are sounds better realized than described, and it is only fair to place on record that the Japanese firemen are the equals of any in their devotion to duty and the success with which they combat the ravaging flames.

## Contrasts in Tokyo

*By Staff-Captain Herbert Climpson*

As would be expected, The Army is quickly on the spot when large fires occur. Our Officers render what succor they can to the distressed; the pictures give some idea of what was done in connection with a recent fire which occurred in Nippori, a suburb of

prising. They found a man carrying a kind of drink for sale, so they pressed him into service; with this and some milk and biscuits they gave appreciated nourishment to nearly five thousand people. They also distributed candles and matches for the hand lanterns used by the people when going about at night in times when electric light has failed, small towels, which are always carried by Japanese, and also numbers of "War Crys." With the fire blazing round them, in a place hollowed out amongst the hot wreckage, Major Segawa and his assistants thus ministered to the refugees all through the night.

Parcels were made up at Headquarters and dispatched to one hundred and fifty of the refugees from the Nippori fire. They were very much appreciated, and towards their cost Baron Morimura, a long-standing practical friend of The Army's, gave a substantial donation.

Some idea of the extent of the fire will be gathered from the fact that over fifteen thousand people were rendered homeless and two thousand one hundred houses were destroyed. Can it be wondered that life in Tokyo is full of strain and excitement? One never knows when the next fire will happen or whether it might not come into his own district. This is another of the possible contrasts in Tokyo.

The Salvation Army unfurled its Flag in Japan in 1895, and throughout the years since then our Work has manifested a steady progressiveness—which in more recent years has been really extraordinary. Reviewing the position at the present time there are over one hundred and twenty centres of work in operation and nearly four hundred Officers and employees.

Considerable developments in Social Service have been witnessed in recent years. Homes for friendless women, Retreats for ex-prisoners, Hospitals for the sick, and a magnificent Sanatorium for consumptives are amongst much-valued and God-honouring features of labor.

Members of the Imperial House, impressed by the practical results secured, have shown genuine and practical sympathy with the work.

In the shocking earthquake disaster of September, 1923, The Army suffered heavy material losses by the destruction of the imposing Headquarters and Central Hall Building, a new Hospital, four Social Institutions, ten Corps Halls, as well as other partially damaged properties. However, the vitality of The Army in Nippon is evidenced by the present day revival from the rubbish heap.



Major Segawa Distributing Biscuits to Nippori Fire Sufferers.

Tokyo. A bearing in a laundry machine got overheated, a fire broke out and, owing to lack of water, the fire brigades were greatly hampered in their efforts to control the blaze.

Our people were both brave and enter-



Fire Relief Brigade at Nippori, Dispensing Rice Water, Matches, Towels and Candles.